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MEN, WOMEN AND EMOTIONS.

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MEN, WOMEN AND EMOTIONS

BY

ELLA WHEELER WILCOX

Author of "Poems of Passion," "Poems of Pleasure," "Maurine and Other Poems," "The Beautiful Land of Nod," "An Erring Woman's Love," etc., etc.

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HOW TO EDUCATE OUR GIRLS.

The foundation of society rests on its homes. The success of our homes rests on the wives. Therefore, first of all, teach our girls how to be successful wives. Begin in their infancy to develop their characters. Teach them that jealousy is an immorality, and gossip a vice. Train them to keep the smallest promise as sacredly as an oath, and to speak of people only as they would speak to them. Teach them to look for the best quality in every one they meet, and to notice other people's faults only to avoid them.

Train them to do small things well, and to delight in helping others, and instill constantly into their minds the necessity for sacrifice for others' pleasure as a means of soul development.

Once given a firm foundation of character like this, which the poorest as well as the richest parents can give to their girls, and no matter what necessity arises, they will be able to rise above it.

Teach them the value of making themselves attractive by good health, physical development, neat dress, and perfect cleanliness. The worthy woman must learn that her worth alone will not keep her

husband in love with her. She must be as accomplished, as amiable, as liberal minded, as tactful, as agreeable, as her less worthy rivals. She must make home the most delightful spot on earth, and herself the most attractive woman as well as the worthiest. Unselfishness, perseverance, patience, and cheerfulness, must be her constant aids, and above all, tact.

(This article sent anonymously, received the prize offered by the New York WORLD for the best reply to the question "How to educate our girls.")

MY BELIEF.

I believe in progressive immortality and in a succession of lives here, or on other planets.

I believe the spirit lives forever and cannot decay or die.

I believe that after the death of the body, those who have wandered from the laws of the Creator will be obliged to occupy a low sphere in the next world, and separated from those who lived true to principle, that they must begin the dreary labor of reformation alone with their awakened consciences.

I believe that whatever is, is best, and the sufferings we are compelled to endure here are but the results of wrong methods of living, and thinking, in this or former lives, and are ripening experiences intended to force the soul into truer conditions.

I believe space is peopled with advanced spirits who have passed through former incarnations, and who sympathize with us, and strengthen us when we cry for help; not in spiritual manifestations or materialization, but in more subtle and mysterious ways beyond the power of reason to fathom or explain.

I believe that Christ had passed through many

reincarnations, and that He was, therefore, enabled to be infinite in His sympathies and power.

I believe that each soul is its own Savior; that prayer to the Unseen Forces about us widens our spiritual knowledge and brings us closer to divine truths.

I believe that we are evolved from lesser order of life through millions of centuries, and that humanity is the highest type yet obtained; that the world grows better and humanity more spiritual and intelligent constantly, and that we are all progressing towards divinity; that in time the earth will be inhabited by almost god-like beings, who shall analyze and discuss the remnants of humanity as we now discuss the chimpanzee.

I believe that love is the Universal Law, that to live upon the earth is an inestimable blessing and privilege, and that death is but the gateway to a more advanced existence.

WHAT LOVE IS.

Love is the essence of every existing thing: the root of life! the recompense for death.

It is the all creative spark, the vital force of the universe. There is power to achieve in the mere utterance of the word—Love. I think God said: "I love the earth," and lo! the earth sprang into being. Love is the natural element of all things. The illimitable oceans of space are composed of the waters of Love. Whoever loves most widely and warmly is most in harmony with the universe. Love is the key to success. To love your work is to excel in it. To love observingly and nobly any worthy object or aim is to eventually obtain and attain it.

Love is at once an ecstasy and an agony It is the bridge whereon we are compelled to walk continually to and fro, between heaven and hell, but ever back to heaven.

When the bridge breaks or its timbers rot away, then are we precipitated into hell, and unable to

find the door of heaven again; for the only way to go is over the bridge of Love.

He who loves greatly hates feebly. All strong emotions proceed from and derive their strength from Love. If Love uses his own force there is nothing left for Hate. It is only when Love grows indolent and sleeps, that Hate is enabled to steal his garments of strength and sallies forth to do evil. But even then he has not his elder and divine brother's power; for he was sired by man, and Love was fathered by God.

God espoused Nothing, and said, I love, and Love was born to rule the universe. Afterward Nothing conceived by man and bore a misshapen creature, called Hate; but at one glance from the divine eyes of his nobly born brother, he falls vanquished at the feet of Love.

To love is to become wise with the wisdom of ages, yet to become as a little child in humility and subjection.

To love enables us to lead an army into the jaws of death, and to serve as a menial at the feet of one so loved.

To love is to know happiness but not contentment, rapture but not peace, exhilaration but not satisfaction; for contentment means inertia, peace means stagnation, and satisfaction means satiety, and these three cannot exist where Love is. Love and action are co-existent, and there is no repose

where Love is, but there is rest even in its restlessness, ecstasy in its misery, hope in its fear, joy in its sorrow, and sweet in its bitter.

HOW WOMEN LIKE TO BE LOVED.

Poets and orators speak of a woman as a love-craving being, who lives almost wholly in her affections.

Real life proves her to be many-sided and variable in her ideas of how men should express their love for her.

Every woman needs love as every plant needs light and heat; yet there are plants which thrive better in shaded nooks than in the broad sunlight, and there are other plants which bloom their brightest in the artificial warmth of the hot-house.

There is a large percentage of highly cultivated, mentally emotional women, who live in the imagination so far as sentiment is concerned, and who find little but discontent and disappointment in the realm of the real.

They are excellent friends and devoted mothers, but they neither give nor receive positive happiness as sweethearts or wives. They shrink from demonstrative love, and the actual seems coarse and common to them through comparison with the ideal. They enjoy a lover's letters better than his society,

and they are more devoted nurses to a husband in sickness, than companions to him in health.

They are faithful to every duty, but they are forever dreaming of a more spiritual and romantic love than they have known, and a veil of sadness and disappointment hangs between them and happiness.

There is another order of woman to whom admiration is far more gratifying than love. The flattery of a crowd of admirers gives her more lasting delight than the sincere love of one undemonstrative heart. The most earnest expressions of affection would not afford her happiness unless other people heard them and recognized them as tributes to her powers of fascination. She finds more pleasure in a ball-room with a score of men paying her empty compliments, than in her boudoir, listening to the conversation of the man who loves her.

There are women who demand a combination of both valet and maid in the attentions of a lover, and there are other women to whom this manner of expressing devotion is odious.

"You should see Julie's husband," said Julie's friend to Annie one day in my hearing. "He is the most adoring lover I ever saw. He does not allow Julie to do a single thing for herself. He looks after the servants, does all the marketing, takes care of Julie's gloves, laces and ribbons, keeps them all in order, even hangs up her hat and wrap

when she comes in from a promenade. I think such devotion just lovely!"

"I am sure I should not want a man to show his devotion to me in that sort of fashion," retorted Annie. "I should feel as though I had married my butler and, forgetting myself, would be talking to him about his wages and his 'day off.' My ideal of a lover would be terribly lowered were a man to take care of my ribbons and laces and wait upon me generally."

"I don't understand you," said Julie's friend.

"Well, then, to be more explicit," continued Annie, "I could not love a man unless I felt like serving him. Every attractive woman finds scores of men who are ready to play page and courtier to her in boudoir and ball-room—all that is very well. But it is rarely that she finds among these one whom she respects and loves enough to wish to serve. I could not be happy with a man unless I felt this sort of love for him."

"I should never wish to feel like serving any man," replied Julie's friend.

"Then you would never wish to love according to my idea of the passion," responded Annie. "It is all a matter of temperament—most women desire rather to be loved than to love—but I should not respect a man enough to be happy in his love unless he were able to create in me as great a love as he gave, and he could not do this if he acted as a valet

towards me. He must be my king, not my servant."

There are more Julies than Annies in the world, perhaps because there are more pages than kings among men.

There is another type of woman who gauges a man's love toward her by the amount of money he expends upon her. Gold blinds her eyes to his moral and mental deficiencies, and she flaunts her jewels and fine dresses in the eyes of less splendidly attired wives, seemingly content with her lot.

In her husband's presence she speaks of his extravagance where she is concerned, and reproaches him for it with smiling approval in face and voice. She seems utterly indifferent to, or unconscious of, the fact that a lavish expenditure of money does not always indicate an equal outgo of affection.

More prudent and loyal husbands she designates as misers, and frankly confesses that she could not live with a man who did not consider her comfort and pleasure before all other things.

It is not infrequently the case that the bank officer who is "short" in his accounts possesses a wife of this kind. Such women add materially to the population of Canada.

Analogous to her is the woman who measures a man's affection for her by the selfishness and incivility he exhibits towards all others.

"My husband used fairly to snub people to get them out of the house so that he could have me all to himself," a professedly religious woman once said to me with great gusto. "His relatives were all furious because of his absorbing love for me and his consequent indifference to them," and she laughed with delight at the recollection of how very unhappy this man had made every one but herself.

I have met a great many women of this type, and over and over have heard them relate with pride and exultation the selfish and unkind acts which love for them had prompted men to commit.

Such women invariably express surprise when any wife of their acquaintance permits her husband to show liberality and affection towards relatives, and are quick to intimate that the husband who is thoughtful of others does not really love his wife.

Now and then I hear a woman speak of a man's love for her as something which should make him incapable of an unkind or selfish action—something which should render him generous and full of charity and goodness to all the world—but only now and then! Women who are the soul of benevolence and kindness in all other things seem devoid of humanity in this respect.

There are women whom too much love renders exacting and incapable of self-sacrifice, as too much broad sunlight deprives some flowers of their perfume.

"Just think," said a woman to me recently—one who had been a petted daughter and a worshiped wife. "Just think, my husband was foolish enough to expose himself and take cold, and I had to give up my room and be broken of my rest in consequence!" Not a word of sympathy for the sick man, only angry resentment at the inconvenience she had been caused.

Perhaps the most unfortunate type of woman is she who, from natural tendency or acquired habit, finds excitement and adventure a necessary element in man's love.

Unless her lover is in a constant state of jealous despair or vehement protestation, there is no pleasure for her in being loved. The quiet domestic rôle is worse than purgatory to her.

The man who shows a calm security and a happy content in her presence, destroys her interest in life. The salt of love is without savor to her taste unless seasoned with the tragic.

With her, marriage is always a failure, and advancing years hold nothing for her.

After her beauty begins to wane she can feast only on that worst of all dead sea fruit, the recollections of dramatic love scenes with men long since dead, or grown into happy fathers—or grandfathers. She suffers the agonies of death in witnessing the triumphs of younger women, and becomes bitter

or grotesque in her attitude towards the male sex as she grows old, and blames Providence and mankind for the misery which she has brought upon herself.

In spite of the existence of all these various types, the majority of women in the civilized world are content to feed their hungry hearts on crumbs of affection, and to lavish on their children or their church the love which, like Noah's dove, has gone forth in search of a resting place and flown back, weary and disappointed, to the ark in their bosoms.

While many women abuse the love that is lavished upon them, the average woman lives upon a kind look, a tender tone and an occasional caress, and repays these with the devotion of a lifetime.

HOW MEN LIKE TO BE LOVED.

A cynical Frenchman has said, "The woman whom we love is only dangerous, but the woman who loves us is terrible," to which a greater cynic added, "Fortunately she never loves us."

This was more witty than true, for every woman loves, has loved or expects to love some man.

Man has a horror of being loved with a mercenary motive. So great is this horror to-day that it amounts to morbid expectancy. Nine young men out of ten speak of a wife as a possession only to be purchased. But if a man had never been niggardly, woman would never have become mercenary. And mercenary women are few.

Men are far more stereotyped in mind than women. Therefore their ideas regarding the grand passion are more uniform.

While almost every woman likes a dramatic element in a man's love for her, the normal man has a dread of the dramatically disposed woman, especially in the rôle of a wife. This is the reason we find so many phlegmatic women who are wives. Intensity worries a man unless it is kept well under

check, and the tragic he finds insupportable in daily life.

Less romantic than women by nature and with less idealism, yet somewhere in his heart every man hides a dream of that earthly trinity—father, mother and child—in which he imagines himself the chief element.

Sooner or later, to greater or less degree, every man passes through the romantic phase.

Unfortunately for women, his idea of a sweetheart is essentially different from his requirements for a wife later in life.

The average young bachelor is attracted by the girl whom other men admire. He likes to carry off the belle of the season before the eyes of rivals. He is amused by her caprices, flattered by her jealous exactions, and grateful for the least expression of her regard for him. He is lavish with compliments and praise. But sentiment in man—the average man—springs wholly from unappeased appetites. The coveted, but unpossessed woman, can manifest her love for him in almost any manner, and it will be agreeable and pleasing.

Whether she is coy, shrinking, coquettish or playful, demonstrative or reserved, his imagination will surround her with every charm. A man's imagination is the flower of his passions. When those passions are calmed, the flower fades. Once let him possess the object of his desire, and his

ideas become entirely changed. He grows critical and discriminating and truly masculine in his ideas of how he wishes to be loved.

We all know the story of the man who compared his courtship to a mad race after a railroad train, and his married life to the calm possession of a seat with the morning paper at hand. He no longer shouted and gesticulated, but he enjoyed what he had won none the less for that.

It was a very quick witted husband who thought of this little simile to explain his lack of sentiment, but there are very few wives who are satisfied to be considered in the light of a railway compartment, for the soul of the wife has all the romantic feelings which the soul of the sweetheart held. It is only the exceptional man (God bless him and increase him!) who can feel sentiment and romance after possession is an established fact. Unhappily for both sexes, sentiment is just as much a part of woman's nature after she surrenders herself as before.

A well timed compliment, a tender caress given unasked, would avert many a co-respondent case if husband's were wiser.

After marriage a man likes to be loved practically.

All the affection and demonstrations of love possible cannot render him happy if his dinner is not well cooked and if his home is disorderly! Grant

him the background of comfort and he will be contented to accept the love as a matter of course.

Grant a woman all the comfort life may offer, yet she is not happy without the background of expressed love.

When men and women both learn to realize this inborn difference in each other's natures and to respect it, marriage will cease to be a failure.

In this, I think, women are ready to make their part of the concession more cheerfully than are the men. Women who loathe housework and who possess no natural taste for it become excellent housekeepers and careful, thrifty managers, because they realize the importance of these matters in relation to the husband's comfort.

But how few men cultivate sentiment, although knowing it so dear to the wife.

Man is forever talking eloquently of woman's sensitive, refined nature, which unfits her for public careers. Yet this very sensitiveness he crucifies in private life by ignoring her need of a different heart diet than the one which he requires.

Wives throng the cooking schools, hoping to make their husband's happier thereby. Why not start a school of sentiment wherein husbands should be coached in paying graceful compliments and showing delicate attentions, so dear to their wives.

A man likes to be loved cheerfully. A morbid

passion bores him inexpressibly, no matter how loyal it may be.

He likes tact rather than inopportune expression of affection. He likes to be loved in private, but to be treated with dignity in public. Nearly all women are flattered and pleased if the man they adore exhibits his love before the whole world.

If he defies a convention for their sake, they feel it a tribute to their worth and charm.

I have found this to be true of the most dignified and correct woman. But I have yet to see the man who is not averse to having the woman he loves provoke the least comment in public. He seems to feel that something is lost to him if the public observes his happiness, however legitimate and commendable it may be.

The woman who is demonstrative when he wants to read, and who contradicts him before people an hour later, does not know how to make a man happy. He is better satisfied to have her show deference to his opinions and suppress her demonstrations if she must choose.

A man likes a woman to show her love in occult ways, to consult his tastes, to agree with him in his most cherished opinions, to follow his counsel and to ask his advice. He will not question her love if she does this. But a woman needs to be told in words how dear she is, no matter what other proofs a man may give.

Yet few men live who do not appreciate a little well timed expression of love, and every man is made happier and stronger by praise and appreciation of the woman nearest to his heart.

The strongest man needs sympathy and is made better by it, though he may not confess it. The tendency of the age is to give all the sympathy to woman, the tendency of woman is to demand all the sympathy. But not until woman sympathizes with man in his battle with the world and himself, and not until man sympathizes with woman in her soul hunger, will the world attain to its best.

It is a queer fact that while women are without doubt the most lovable objects in the world, yet on man is lavished the greatest and most enduring passions.

A great many women go through life without ever having been loved by any man.

I doubt if any man ever reached old age without having been adored by some women.

LOVE AND FRIENDSHIP.

Love stands alone in the solar system of the affections like the sun, unmated and incomparable. From it all the other emotions derive their worth, yet they must not expect to imitate its light, warmth, or power.

Our friendships are the stars next in magnitude to the orb of light. There can be but one true love, as there is but one sun visible to the earth. But there may be as many orders of friendship as there are varieties of stars in the firmament, though few, to be sure, of the first magnitude.

A great nature can enjoy and be loyal to a great number of friends. It is time to do away with that old idea, grounded in human selfishness, that a man should have but one friend. I have studied the persons who are fond of proclaiming, "I care but for few people," and I have found them at the core selfish, narrow and unsympathetic. The broad-gauged and noble-hearted man goes out spontaneously to his fellow beings, and gives affection and loyality to many. He attracts as many true friends as his varied characteristics render him capable of enjoying.

You appeal to his intellect, and are a mental comrade; in the association he grows fond of you, and interested in your personal life, but you can not expect him to shut out from his heart another who amuses and entertains him with a flow of cheerful spirits which you lack. You show no evidence of affection if you are jealous of this other friend. You simply show a narrow mindedness, grounded in self-love. You have your own sphere in that man's life and can not be crowded by another, any more than one star crowds another in the heavens.

The moment my friend says to me "I must be first in your affection, no matter what other claiments for your regard come knocking at your door," I reply:

"My friend, it is yourself you love, not me; the absolute friend asks only for what I choose to give, and, confident of his own worth, never doubts his true place in my affections. Were you my true friend you would rejoice to see me enriched by other friends. It is yourself you love, and you desire me to add fuel to the flame which is already consuming you. But I can only bestow what you inspire. Look to it that you inspire the best within me and it will be yours.

With each new friend I think our capabilities of affection increase."

Love is to the human heart what the Koran is to the Mohammedan, or the Bible to the Christian. There can be but one. But we may have as many

choice friends as we have choice books in our library, if our heart wealth is great enough to procure them. I need not appreciate Dickens less because I enjoy Thackeray also. I do no wrong to the prose authors, because I revel in the poets. There are moods when the humorist cheers and entertains me, and again I need the philosopher, and all are equally admired and esteemed by me, and there is no one I could spare.

I once heard a person say, "I love my friends so intensely I am jealous of any ray of light that falls upon their paths, save through me." This is not friendship. It is self-worship, self-aggrandizement—self to the core. Distrust any act of kindness shown you by such a friend. It is done, not to give you happiness, but to win your gratitude. The real friend never thinks of gratitude, though he would be hurt by your ingratitude. But he would as soon bestow a favor unknown to you, and he rejoices to see you benefited by others, and takes pleasure in anything which helps you no matter how remote it may be from his own interests.

Old friends endeared by years of memories are best. Yet I have no right to reproach my old friend if he outgrows me in his tastes and habits, and I have no right to call him changeable, if he finds new friends who are more congenial in these things, and who keep step with him. He may have found me sufficient for him when we both studied simple fractions together,

but if he has passed into higher mathematics I have no right to complain if he no longer enjoys singing the multiplication table to the air of "Yankee-Doodle" with me as in our early school days. I had better blame myself for not making at least sufficient progress to appreciate him, even if I can not enter into full sympathy with his higher development. If I am worthy the name of a true "old friend," I will rejoice to see him speed on and up even if our paths of necessity diverge.

Not long ago I heard a thinking woman say that she could forgive the sin of commission in a friend far sooner than a sin of omission. "An unkind act or word may spring from a hasty temper or a mistake of judgment, but the friend who sits still and silent when I need a defender or a mentor, commits an unpardonable sin," she said, and said truly.

While I would prefer my friend to be the first to praise me for well doing, I can excuse him for being the last, if he is the first to warn me when I am doing wrong. He is no friend if he sees me drifting towards the rocks and does not tell me so; if he sees me preparing for the battle with a flaw in my armor, and does not point it out to me before the fray begins. If he has not discovered it until we are in the thick of battle, then the true and wise friend will keep silent, lest the sudden consciousness of my weak point should unnerve me; but he will keep his own eye upon it, and stand ready to come to my assistance if the flaw proves my failure.

I do not want my friend to feed and clothe me, for that would enervate my strength and rob me of my self-reliance. I do not want him to carry my burdens unless he sees my strength failing me. Let him not perform my tasks for me, but rather stimulate me to labor; instead of doing my work let him encourage in me a belief of my own ability. Let him chide me for my idleness, and spur me to achieve results with my own powers.

In Charles Kingsley's delightful little book, the "Water Babies," there is a wonderful weird water-sprite who makes people make themselves; she does not create anything but she teaches things how to create themselves; this is the office of the true friend—to tell us how to create ourselves and to urge us to action.

My true friend never comes to me with the belittling and causeless gossip which he hears about me. He never says, "I know you will not care—" and then relate some vicious lie invented by the mind of envy. He never tells me anything disagreeable unless it is to warn me or put me on my guard against a secret enemy or against my own imprudence. He tells me the kind and pleasant words he hears spoken of me and takes as much pleasure in hearing them as I do. And he defends me in my absence even against an army of accusers.

He will say things to my face which he would not say or permit to be said behind my back.

Friendship of the highest order should banish all wearisome restrictions and formalities. If I happen to drop in on my nearest friend as she is preparing to go out with another, she should feel free to go with no fear that I will be hurt or feel slighted. The moment this fear of wounding our friends in such matters creeps in it is no longer, or not yet an absolute friendship.

We can bear with the tyrannies and anxieties, fears and turmoils of love, because the joys and raptures repay us for all it makes us suffer; but the calmer pleasures of friendship are jeopardized if we permit these other emotions to mar them.

Love is like the mid-ocean, grand, beautiful, and terrible, full of delight and danger; and friendship should be like the calm bay where we rest, and do not fear; it can not give us the exhilaration of love, and it must not give us the anxieties.

We feel rested and strengthened after an interview with a real friend, never irritated or worried.

The worthy and worth-while friend never chides us for not loving him enough nor begs to be loved more; he makes himself so deserving and so unobtrusive that we needs must give him gratitude and affection.

The wise friend never weights us with his friendship—never burdens us with feelings that he can not live without our constant devotion. It is the privilege of love alone to do that.

Love may lean and cling forever,
And forever grow more dear.

But friendship must sometimes stand upon its own feet, or we tire of it.

If my friendship is absolute, I will stand by my friend in trouble, danger and disgrace—not upholding him in the latter, but holding him from sinking lower. If he resents my restraint, however, and is determined to sink, I do not prove my friendship by sinking with him, I only prove my own moral weakness. Better let go my hold and save my strength to assist another who wants my help. If he will not heed my advice or counsel, but insists upon associations and actions which injure him, I only blacken my own record and weaken my power to aid others, if I stand by him. Friendship to one's higher self should not be sacrificed in a mistaken sense of devotion to another. Neither should I ask my friend to go down into the valley of despair with me—he will be a truer friend if he stands above in the sunlight and strives to lift me up beside him.

I do not want my friend to constantly urge me to accept favors, but when, in my hour of need, I ask a favor, I want him to grant it with the air of one who is the recipient rather than the giver. Neither do I want him to refuse favors on the ground of being unable to repay me. Since real friendship finds payments in the bestowing of favors. And al-

ways I want him loyal, trusting and sincere in word and act; as liberal as loving, as free from jealousy as he is full of justice, ready to praise and not afraid to reprove.

MEN OR WOMEN AS FRIENDS.

In a room full of ladies I heard this question discussed in all its bearings not long ago, and a great many interesting anecdotes and experiences were related. The majority of unmarried women expressed quite unanimously an opinion in favor of the men. The married ladies were less outspoken, but the greater number of them were not enthusiastic in their faith in man's friendship for women. Their skepticism might be attributed to various causes. Perhaps they knew the genus homo better than their single sisters did. Perhaps they did not think it wise to encourage the damsels in their dangerous, even if true theory.

Many an unmarried girl is blind to the virtues of women because she has not time to study them. Her horizon is bounded by masculine forms, and she is quite content to have it so. By and by, when she concentrates her attention and interest on one man and the others disappear like setting stars at the rise of the sun, why then she notices the beauty and fragrance of those human flowers—women.

I heard one young lady, who had fought a single-

handed battle with the world and achieved success, declare that the question was not even open to discussion in her mind.

"I think no one is a better judge of the matter," she said, "than a woman who has had to make her own way in life. I received appreciation and encouragement from men, when women gave me only indifference or neglect. Men predicted my success, while women feared I would fall. Men praised what they termed my courage, while women criticised what they termed my boldness."

Another lady declared that she would invariably go to a man were she in need of friendship or protection in time of trouble.

"If I were placed in a compromising situation for instance," she said, "and wished to confide in some one, and had only my own words to prove my innocence, do you think I would trust myself to the mercy of a woman? No, indeed. And if I had done wrong and needed a confessor and counselor, surely I would go to a man. Women are so cruel to their own sex."

At this juncture I remarked that a man would always protect a woman against every man but himself. That task he left to her.

Hereupon a happy looking married lady expressed her opinion.

"You have all given your theories," quoth she, "now listen to my experience. No girl ever pos-

sessed more gentlemen friends than I. My career was a self-made and self-supporting one also. I, too, found men far readier with praise and encouragement than women were. Men proffered advice and aid, while women gave it if asked. Yet as time advanced I found men far more selfish in their friendship than women were. The interest of my most platonic male friends noticeably lessened after my marriage, and in several cases turned into enmity, while woman regarded me with increased favor.

"Men whose respect and admiration, unmixed with any tender sentiment, I would have sworn I had won did not hesitate to shrug their shoulders and sneer when I made an excellent marriage, and no longer needed their occasional advice. I really think a man's friendship for an unmarried woman is always, even if unconsciously to himself, selfish. While she belongs to no one he imagines she belongs in some degree to himself, and rejoices in her prosperity. When she belongs to another man all this ceases. Women are less enthusiastic in the beginning, but their friendship wears better."

"I don't know how it is in the matter of friendship," a young lady interposed, "but I know when I go into any large establishment shopping I always receive better attention and more courtesy from the salesmen than from the sales-girls. If I desire to be directed to another department in the store, I

always prefer to ask a man, and he is more willing and affable in his manner."

A young girl who had once published a little book and sold it on the street to passers-by said: "Men are far kinderhearted than women. Women looked at me as if I were doing some dreadful and improper act; men looked at me with sympathy and interest. In any time of distress women look at you as if you were lying to them; men wait until they catch you in a lie, and then tell you of it. They forget and forgive a wrong, too, far sooner than women do."

Hereupon I remarked that once upon a time I asked a favor of a gentleman in the presence of two ladies. The gentleman expressed the deepest sympathy and the most genuine regret that he could not assist me. Both ladies voluntarily offered the aid which I had not thought of appealing for to them.

I think that if you can once remove all idea of possible rivalry from a woman's mind she makes a better friend than any man living. Tell a woman your successes and she may show jealousy, but tell her your sorrows and your failures and she is moved to befriend you.

On the contrary, tell a man of your successes and you win his admiring regard; while if you tell him your troubles, you weary him.

One lady said she thought men were more

prompt and agreeable, as a rule, than our own sex in their manner of bestowing favors, and it was because they were educated to business methods. A woman often wounded your feelings from no lack of kind impulses, but merely from her awkwardness in dealing with any matter outside of parlor or kitchen. A married lady said she quite coincided with the last speaker in regard to the business methods of the sterner sex. Thereupon she related her somewhat unusual experience.

"I was an artist," she said, "and my studio was in the same building in which an elderly professional gentleman occupied an office. He obtained an introduction to me, and became greatly interested in my work. He never indulged in the least sentiment toward me. His social and business standing was excellent, he was very intellectual, and I quite prized his friendship and valued his advice and criticism. Several times he invited me to lunch with him at midday, almost the only hour either of us had free from our work for social converse. He was many years my senior, and I saw no impropriety in accepting. Well, by and by my prince came and carried me away a wife. I had often written to him of the nice old gentleman who was so kindly interested in my work. Imagine my humiliation when a bill was sent in for the lunches to which the nice old gentleman had invited me! Surely these were thrifty business methods indeed!

I have about made up my mind that a man seldom or never shows a lady who is in no way related or dependent upon him marked and continued kindness, unless he expects some sort of a return for them."

When I had pondered over all that I had heard, and placed my own personal experience and impressions along with the other testimony my conclusions might be classified as follows:

1. Men are more enthusiastic and ready to espouse the cause of women than her sister women are.

2. Women, when their interest is finally won, are more lasting in their friendships.

3. There is instinctive rivalry between women which, until it is overcome by the bonds of sympathy is a bar to true, unselfish friendship.

4. There is an instinctive attraction between men and women which is a bar to safe and unselfish friendship.

5. Men expect more in return for their favors than women do.

6. Men are far more agreeable to approach in any matter requiring courtesy and politeness.

7. Women are far safer and more reliable friends in the long run.

8. The friendship of men noticably decreases after a woman marries.

9. The friendship of women noticeably strengthens after a woman marries.

10. A good and efficient man is a far better friend and adviser than a weak woman.

11. A good and efficient woman is a better friend and adviser than a weak man.

12. There is no rule which governs the matter.

WOMAN AS THE THIRD PARTY.

The most difficult position in life to occupy gracefully and without causing friction on either side is that of the third person.

The world is full of wrecked loves and friendships caused by this third party.

Not through designing malice, but through tactless blundering or stubborn unelasticity, is the disaster brought about in nine cases out of ten.

The people who have successfully played the rôle in life's drama are exceedingly rare.

A greater array of unusual qualities are required for this position than almost any other calling in life demands.

Innumerable illustrations of the strength and durability of friendship between two women have come under my observation, but I have found women especially unfortunate in their efforts to form trios of friendship.

Men, naturally less exacting in their relations with one another, and more frank and outspoken in their methods, render such comradeships possible now and then.

But the qualities which make the woman friend,

seem inadequate to meet the exigencies of the third party's position.

I have seen a woman insist upon leaving her comfortable home to act as nurse or domestic for a friend who was in trouble, quite against that friend's desire. She performed her tasks with delight, and seemed disturbed by any expression of thanks.

Yet when the same friend introduced a life-long, valued acquaintance into the household, the heretofore devoted and self-sacrificing woman refused to make herself agreeable or useful.

The woman who loves to talk, and the woman who loves to listen, find each other's society enjoyable year after year.

Let the talkative woman's friend appear upon the scene, however, and we find the unusually good listener distrait in manner and bored in expression. Or let the listener introduce her friend, and the talkative woman becomes straightway dull and silent.

The ingenuity of woman in devising ways in which to be the disagreeable third party is infinite.

The woman of the softest nature and the sweetest disposition, whom you have found unvarying in her amiability, will suddenly develop the quills of a porcupine at the introduction of a friend whom you have long desired her to meet. You have described her as the essence of amiability, and she reveals herself a monument of aggressiveness or frigidity.

Again, the friend who has ever been the incarnation of cheerfulness and good sense, and whose quick responsive nature has been your delight, develops an obtrusive humility when she is called upon to play the third party. She makes herself conspicuous by her absence from accustomed places, and obliges you to send for her, and in reply to your questioning says: "Oh, I felt I would be in the way. You did not need me. I would be *de-trop*," rendering you and your friend inexpressibly uncomfortable.

The woman who has always seemed to view the world through rose colored spectacles, and whose mantle of charity has been large enough to cover the sins of a multitude, will become the severest and most relentless of critics when she attempts to be the third person. She will call your attention to flaws in the appearance and manners of your friends which yon had never previously observed, and she will unearth hidden faults of character or disposition never before noticed by you.

Sometimes she does this openly, and with no attempt at concealing her critical spirit.

Again she will sugar-coat her remarks, leaving the impression at first that she has complimented your friend, until a later analysis of her words undeceives you.

"What a very pretty smile your friend has!" she will say. "I never saw a woman with such ugly

teeth whose smile was so agreeable." Or: "What a very fine appearance she makes for such a slovenly person! After all, I think such people get along quite as well and receive as much admiration as those who take more pride in being neat and orderly."

Of course you are never able to think of your friend again save as slovenly and the possessor of ugly teeth—two points which had previously escaped your observation.

Then there is the woman you have always found ready to anticipate your slightest wish and thought when alone with her, who becomes curiously obtuse in the rôle of third party.

She never thinks to leave you alone with the newcomer now and then, who may have sorrows or joys to confide to you alone, and you dare not suggest this to her lest she imagine you mean to talk about her or that you are shutting her from your confidence.

And if you talk to her about your friend, she listens with a distrait, uninterested expression, which tells you plainer than words that she would prefer some other topic for conversation.

"You have no idea of the depth of my affection for you," said one woman to another in my hearing once upon a time. "I would be perfectly happy to relinquish all personal aims could I be near you, and your slightest annoyance is a sharp pain to me."

Yet scarcely a week later she made herself inexpressibly disagreeable in occult ways to her friend's friend. Her affection may have been deep, but its waters were not wide enough to permit the passage of two voyagers. A broader love, if less profound, would have been more practically useful.

Difficult and strewn with hardships as is the rôle of the third person, I have seen one or two woman who made it an illustrious success.

In each case they were women of extreme unselfishness, infinite tact and great delicacy of mind.

They were, too, women of good balance and practical sense, and with a broad view of life and friendship.

They knew when to be absent, and when to be present, when to listen and when to talk, how to speak of each friend to the other without arousing enmity or jealousy, and they were women who felt secure in their own worth, and in their power to keep their places in the hearts of their friends.

The woman who is the faithful and tried friend is worthy of respect and praise, but the woman who can be the third party is worthy of still greater admiration, since the successful third party must be also the good friend.

The most sublime devotion of friendship brings its own reward; but the sacrifice and forbearance of the successful third party are seemingly without recompense. Yet their omission is the source of unlimited misery and trouble.

In this kaleidoscopic life of constant surprising changes, the friendship which demands a monopoly is of practically little use. It is the friendship which will bear the occasional strain of intrusion, and which proves itself elastic enough to cover the position of third party without becoming threadbare which we need.

MEN'S WOMEN.

Almost every author known, and every scribbler who has dipped his pen in ink, some time or other has given vent to comments upon or descriptions of the woman men like, and she is invariably pronounced to be unpopular with her own sex.

More than once I have heard a dashing belle, surrounded by a crowd of admiring men, boast of her unpopularity with women.

"Girls never like me, and old ladies look on me with disapproval," I heard one say with a proud air. "I am sure I don't know why."

Then the men all cried: "Oh, we know why. It is because we all find you so charming. Women never forgive another woman for that, you know. You can't be popular with both sexes."

Now no more fallacious and threadbare theory ever existed.

I know women—a number of them—who are adored by men and worshiped by their own sex; women whose conquests and triumphs seem to be regarded by their girl companions, and their maturer friends, as a matter of course.

I also know other women, in a greater number,

who are greatly sought after by the sterner sex, admired and praised, while their lady acquaintances find them disagreeable and unlovable in the extreme. I have studied these women with great care, and I find them invariably selfish, cruel or thoughtless toward their own sex. All their sweet arts are saved for men: but you will never find a man who believes such a woman can be disagreeable. He will take sides with her against the sweetest and best woman of his acquaintance, and he will accuse them of jealousy and envy and tell the handsome belle that she must not expect to be popular with both sexes—that the thing is impossible.

Yet he has only to look about him a bit to find that it is not impossible. I repeat it is not uncommon to find a woman adored by both sexes. But when a man comes across a case of this kind he attributes it to some subtle charm—some occult spell which the woman possesses.

I have observed that this subtle spell is usually thoughtfulness and tact. This sounds trite, may be, but it is true. The woman who talks of others' charms and relates others' conquests will be immensely popular with her own sex, no matter how much she is admired by men.

The girl who sits down and tells her lady friends of the compliments men paid her; of the proposals she has had; of the admiration she has received to

the neglect of others, and then straightway expresses pity for their dull lives, or passes some disagreeable comment upon their personal appearance—that girl will be hated and disliked very naturally.

Yet her male admirer will construe her unpopularity with her lady acquaintances to jealousy, and you cannot convince them of their error.

One of the most fascinating women I ever knew, before whom male hearts fell like blades of grass before the scythe, possessed remarkable tact with her own sex. She invariably related to her lady friends the sweet things she had heard said of them since the last meeting, and the admiration which certain gentlemen had expressed for them. She praised their costumes and showed them a thousand delicate attentions, and it was not at all to be wondered at that women understood and forgave her conquests of men.

"Were I a man I too should love her," they often used to say.

Men spoke of her "subtle power" over her own sex.

That subtle power was thoughtfulness and tact.

One of our most brilliant authors has described a heroine as chagrined at the confidence and friendship she inspired in women, since it implied no fear of her as a possible rival. As this heroine was an idle, unoccupied woman of fashion, who had missed happiness in marriage, her limited perceptions in

this matter were not surprising; but I have seen the most seductive and magnetic women where men were concerned, inspire confidence and friendship in their own sex through good taste and fine ideals of right and wrong.

It is a fact ignored by most authors, that a woman may be at once good and fascinating. Yet it is none the less a fact.

Of course the woman who is never satisfied unless she has a monopoly of all the men she meets, is not likely to be a favorite with her sex. She delights in taking husbands from wives, and lovers from sweethearts, and we would not expect to find wives and sweethearts adoring her. But her absolute selfishness, not her popularity with men, is the obstacle to their regard. I have seen a brainless and not beautiful woman succeed in this role through bravado, animal spirits, and a flattering tongue.

I have, too, seen a woman whose beauty and magnetism combined with great wit, acted as a lodestone to every man in a room ten minutes after she entered; but within half an hour the women were all singing her praises and yielding to her charm. This was accomplished by her adroit methods of distributing her would-be admirers among wall flowers, and paying delicate attentions to the neglected of her own sex.

Girls who are brilliant in the society of men not

infrequently exhibit an entirely opposite phase of themselves to women. A fair blonde who is considered a queen of wit by the lords of creation, was talking with two ladies in my hearing recently.

"I was at the ball the other night, you know," she said. "I wore my lavender silk, and every one said I looked extremely well. It has no sleeves and you know my arms are plump, and you should have heard the compliments I received. One man said he had always hated sleeveless gowns, until he saw mine.

"I had half a dozen invitations for every dance, but I sat and talked through all the lanciers. You know I have a way of talking that takes with the men. I give them as good as they send. Not that I am free or bold, but know just where to draw the line; I never get too dignified or too free. I have a knack of treating each man the way he likes. I heard afterward that two awfully particular fellows were quite struck with me; they never were known to praise a girl so highly. I can always get on with men so much easier than with women somehow."

This egotistical and idiotic meandering went on and on like Tennyson's Brook, and her two listeners sat in dumb enduring silence. It is not a matter of surprise to me that this particular "man's woman" is not a favorite with her sex. The most exhausting bore on earth is the woman who insists on analyzing herself for your edification.

We are ready to forgive, and even admire, the reigning belle if she will not take it upon herself to explain her own charms to us. That is the unpardonable sin against good taste.

It is only the very young, the very old, or the very crude man who finds the selfish siren order of woman continuously fascinating; but as there are a vast number of very young, of very old and very crude men forming our society, everywhere, this order of woman has and will continue to have a large army of followers. And these men will go on forever, doubtless, getting off their threadbare speeches about the "man's woman who is never the woman's woman," and undiscriminating people will believe them.

MEN AND FLIRTS.

Were you to ask any man the question, "Do you like flirts?" he would reply in a scornful negative; and he would, in all probability, add some emphatic remarks to the negative. He would tell you that "a flirty girl" was his abhorrence; that she lowered the standard of her sex, and he felt genuine regret whenever he encountered one of them; and that any man who was rash enough to be inveigled into marriage by a flirt ought to receive our mingled pity and contempt.

I venture to say ten men out of every ten you might consult on this point would give you this sort of a reply in case you asked the question seriously and demanded a serious response.

And yet—and yet—how are we to explain the fact that the flirts almost invariably marry, and quite frequently marry better than do their modest and retiring sisters?

We have but to look about us to prove this statement. Select yonr own immediate circle of young lady friends—those whom you have known during the last ten years—and you will find, I think, that few, if any of the flirtishly inclined girls remained

single, while several of their prudent and well-behaved and more industrious sisters are still clinging, ungathered, on the parental branch.

Not many years ago I heard a father caution his two lovely and accomplished daughters against an intimacy with two of their girl friends. "Those girls are becoming so flirtish and gay," he said, "that I am sure your good names will suffer if you are seen much in their company. Men are quick to comment upon and misinterpret such frivolous actions as I see those girls indulge in, and I do not want you to suffer from an unwise intimacy. I have no doubt they are innocent girls now, but they will soon lose the reputation of innocence if they are not more prudent."

The daughters of the gentleman listened to his counsel and ceased to visit the young ladies who had been accused of being flirts—and not without cause; and yet, I regret to relate, the two flirts are to-day wives of men who adore them, and who are the most tender and devoted husbands, while the two prudent daughters of the discreet gentleman have remained at home unwooed and unwon.

Innumerable cases of a similar kind have come under my immediate observation.

Ofttimes men themselves do not know why they are attracted to and won by these girls, despite their better judgment; but it seems to me like this: Stronger and deeper than man's cultivated and

acquired tastes for the domestic virtues of civilized life, is his inborn admiration for what they usually term "go" in a woman.

I think I have seen more men's eyes sparkle when they described a woman as full of "go" than I have ever seen from any other cause.

A man will be very calm and matter-of-fact when he tells you how very beautiful some woman is; he will be phlegmatic and prosaic when he tells you of some "highly accomplished and charming woman" he knows. Not a ripple will disturb the repose of his face when he speaks of some good, domestic, virtuous girls of his acquaintance; but when he says, "By Jove! she's full of *go!*" his calm becomes exhilaration, his eye glows, his voice thrills.

I have heard them say it scores of times, and it is always with the same intense delight and appreciation.

I heard it said once of a girl on a country farm; the hired man fell ill just in the harvest season, and she took his seat on the great reaper and drove four horses until the over-ripe wheat was cut and bound. I heard it said of a young girl who had been reared in luxury and idleness, and whose father died suddenly and left the family with nothing but debts; in less than six months she had canvassed all the adjoining towns and had obtained a large paying class in music. I heard it said of the wife of a famous politician, whose energy and tact

and brilliancy won him half his success; and I heard it said of a society girl, who was not brilliant or rich, but who became a belle because she was the best dancer, rider, swimmer, and talker in her set.

Now it is the same element—a sort of combustive hidden quality of character—that actuated these women to do what they did, which causes many girls to become flirts.

An excess of physical vitality, an over-supply of mental activity, an ambition to do, or be, which has no proper outlet—in other words, misdirected "go."

Indeed, it is only the occasional woman who is full of "go," whose life is so well directed and whose nature so well balanced that she keeps wholly out of mischief.

At the same time, whatever direction or escape this element finds, it makes itself felt above all mere goodness or passive propriety coupled with domestic virtues. Girls devoid of this element do not understand why they are not as attractive to men as some less beautiful and less prudent friend may be, and think the male sex very unappreciative.

They hear men severely criticise the girl whose misdirected "go" has led her into flirtatious follies with his sex, yet he is attracted, in spite of himself, by the quality which actuated her follies, and he ends by marrying her.

"I do not see that it pays to be well behaved and prudent," said a very beautiful and modest girl to me recently. "The men treat you with respect, but they pay all their attention, and finally marry the girls who flirt with them."

I suppose I might have read a homily on the happiness of good behavior, and the sinfulness of flirting to this girl, but I did not. Neither did I contradict her assertion, as there was a mass of convincing evidence on her side of the question. But I pondered deeply on the subject, and arrived at my present conclusions.

Men want to be amused and entertained, and the girl with "go" knows how to entertain them; while the merely good and modest girl waits to be entertained herself.

Extremely discreet and domestic girls, who never feel any inclination to kick over the traces of conventionality, are worthy and excellent members of society, but they seldom possess much "go." This quality needs to be born in a person, like most other qualities, if we would achieve great results, yet it can be cultivated.

The best advice I can give to the modest and good girl is to cultivate "go."

Shake yourself up, overcome your self-consciousness, your indolence, and your fears of public comment, try to be animated, try to be ambitious, tactful, amusing, and thoughtful of others.

Don't get into conventional ruts and act like every other girl you know. Dare to be yourself—for every one has an individuality peculiarly his own. But in your efforts to be attractive don't attempt to be flirtish when it is not your nature to be so, because you see that men make love to flirts, even while despising them. If you do you will soon bring ridicule and disgrace upon yourself, and win no man's regard.

It is not the flirting which draws the men—it is the element I have referred to, which, when misdirected, frequently causes a girl to flirt, that attracts them, even in spite of their prejudices.

A man would prefer a girl who possessed "go" and who did not become a flirt. If you, devoid of this element, degenerate into a flirt, you will be like some literary aspirants who emulate the vices of Balzac and Swinburne without possessing any of their genius.

Avoid flirting, my dear girls, but cultivate "go."

MARRIED FLIRTS.

What in the world is the matter with you, my fair, foolish dames? I mean you who read the title of this article, and know in your secret hearts that it applies to you.

By married flirts I do not refer to women who have committed a crime in breaking the Seventh Commandment. I speak to wives who have retained chastity of the body, however much they have lost the chastity of mind, which must in a great measure be forfeited before they can become "Married Flirts."

A thoroughly chaste-minded woman, if single and heart-free, may enjoy the adoration of several men; but when a woman once wholly belongs to a man and becomes his wife, if she is refined and noble by instinct, she must shrink from the idea of creating a passional emotion in the heart or blood of any other man.

And yet in city, village or country, in the highest, the middle and the lower classes, the married flirt abounds.

The married belle is quite often a distinct being from the married flirt. The married belle, who, by

her wit, her charm of manner, her accomplishments and her agreeable qualities, has always a coterie of people of both sexes about her when in society, and whom all men declare "charming," is not of necessity the least bit of a flirt. I know several such women, whose husbands are proud of them, and who are proud to be worthy of such trust, and never betray it in the least degree.

The married flirt is, on the contrary, proud to make her husband jealous, or to adroitly deceive him in regard to the extent of her "flirtations." She is never satisfied with the sensible and respectable admiration of a man; she wants to be complimented and flattered, and does not object to open love-making: she delights in having a man grow moody and tragic over her, and finds great entertainment in hearing him say "that she affects him differently from any other woman on earth," and "that he never knew what an influence a woman could have over him until he had met her."

When he writes her or tells her that "he is going away because he is miserable to be near her, knowing he cannot claim her love," she is delirious with delight, and not infrequently sheds a tear or two over his absence, and remembers him fondly until she has found some one to replace him.

She is almost always a woman without strong physical emotions, as great vanity and passion seldom dwell together in one nature. She believes

that each of her admirers give her an ideal sort of adoration, and that she inspires a feeling in their breasts wholly new to the masculine sex.

Such a woman has moved in prominent circles of two continents during the last few years. Handsome, rich and charming, the possessor of a kind husband and sweet children could not satisfy her cravings for adulation.

She was vain of her ability to fascinate the majority of men who came within her radius, and when her husband objected to their attentions she cried herself sick over his lack of "appreciation and sympathy," and as he was one of those men who "hated a row," he always ended in letting her do as she liked. She confided to some of her lady friends the hopeless passion which she inspired in the breasts of her lovers and sighed over their suffering.

This sort of folly has continued during several years, and no breath of scandal has ever assailed the lady's reputation.

But only a week ago I heard her name mentioned in a room full of people, and a gentleman remarked:

"I heard one of her love-letters read to a coterie of his friends by one of her admirers not long since, and it was really a beautiful composition. My friend was so proud of having inspired it, he could not refrain from sharing it with his chums."

A gentlemen is bound to respect the confidence

of a single woman, however indiscreet she may be; he realizes that it may arise from ignorance of men as they are, or from lack of knowledge of the world. But they know that every woman who is a wife must fully understand the dangers and perils to which a familiar and encouraging manner towards other men exposes her.

If you have betrayed your husband's trust and pride by allowing another man to write or talk love to you, dear madam, how can you blame your admirer if he betrays your trust?

Men enjoy getting the better of another man and nine out of every ten will, sooner or later, boast of any encouragement or favor they receive from another man's wife. Do not deceive yourself that your admirer is the tenth man who will adore you in sacred silence. Every other married flirt is making the same mistake, and the nine boasting men are showing your letters and bandying your name about town.

The admirers in whose breasts you imagine you have inspired a rare and holy flame, are in those same breasts accusing you of the most common and earthly emotions toward them. Men are material in their ideas of our sex, and they care very little about your ideal loves, however romantically they may talk to you about it; they are thinking about you in quite another way, remember that, and more than likely talking about you in the same way that they think.

Many of you who would be horrified to do a cheap or common thing, or wear a cheap or common garment, will yet devote your lives to that most cheap and common of all amusements—married flirtations. You imagine you possess some especial charm and that you are a great sorceress. Why, my dear lady, it requires the smallest possible capital to be a married flirt.

Men who are not ready to marry, immature youths, or men who have not money to spend on theatres, carriages and flowers, often deny themselves the company of unmarried ladies whom they admire, because they do not want to compromise themselves or the lady to no purpose. But these men will eagerly kill time by flocking to the side of any married lady who will permit it.

All the most ordinary type of married woman needs to do is to flatter adroitly, listen well, look unutterable things and convey the impression that her heart is not quite full, and there she is, all equipped for a train of silly men, who will do their best or worst to make her forget her womanly pride, and wifely honor. And the moment they succeed they boast of their success.

Once in a century perhaps, seldom oftener, a great passion, worthy of the name of love, springs up in or swoops down upon the hearts of two people who are not free to wed each other. Such a love invariably brings misfortune, sorrow and de-

vastation to one or both lives, and its consequences are like those of the cyclone to the harvest field.

Such a passion could not be inspired at will, and no woman capable of inspiring it would wish to do so; for it means loss of reputation and peace of mind to its unhappy victims almost invariably.

Some of you who are surrounded by admirers look me in the eyes, and declare that you are innocent of any act which causes men to make fools of themselves.

"I don't do a thing to attract them. I make sport of them, but they will follow me about and write me notes and all that. I can't help it, can I?"

Yes, you can. No married woman on earth has lover-like admirers unless she wants them. It is the easiest and simplest thing in the world to make men understand that you do not want and will not receive those attentions, and you will very soon find these would-be lovers turned into admiring friends, who will sing the praises of your good sense.

You need to realize, too, that instead of "making fools of themselves" about you, it is always the married woman who is made the fool in the matter of flirtation, when you sift the subject to the bottom. The men who you imagine dying over your pretended coldness, are merely amusing themselves at your expense in their secret heart.

They will read this article aloud to you, perhaps,

and declare that it is wholly wrong, so far as their love for you is concerned, but they will know all the time that it is true as truth.

You will urge as an excuse for your action that your husband does not appreciate you or sympathize with you; that he neglects you. Perhaps, my dear madam, he might be your devoted lover if you exercised upon him all the arts of fascination which you use toward your admirers. It might be worth your while to try.

I have seen the most peevish and tactless wife turn a beaming face towards a young man caller and compliment him on his appearance, before the echoes of an ill-natured speech to her husband had died.

But even those of you who *do* turn from neglectful and unkind husbands to other men for sympathy, out of pure hunger of heart, stop a moment and think of all the dangers to which such sympathy will expose you. If you are unhappily married I assure you another man's sympathy and attention can only increase your unhappiness and turn discontent into despair, and wreck all hopes of winning your husband's heart back to you.

You certainly will not better matters, by bringing gossip on your name and his. There is no lasting pleasure to be found in married flirtations, and there is no trouble, sorrow, shame or misery which may not result from them. They are

cheap, dangerous, vulgar, foolish and destructive of the best pleasures and the holiest relations of life.

THE SINGLE WOMAN AND THE MARRIED MAN.

However much of a flirt the average American girl may be, she confines her field of conquest to the single men.

I say the average flirt. But now and then, in country places, in lesser cities, and in the large metropolis, we come upon the exception to the rule, and find a girl who is not averse to numbering married men among her admirers, even among her victims. A good deal of study and observation of this order of girl has led me to the following conclusions regarding her:

The young women who get their names associated unpleasantly with married admirers can be divided into three classes: the spoiled girl, who is oversentimental, conceited and gushing; the utterly selfish and vain girl; and the overripe girl.

I met one of the first type recently in the heart of the great metropolis. She was a beauty, an only child and motherless, and possessed wealth and position. She had gorged her naturally romantic mind on French novels, and she was utterly spoiled by adulation.

She loved to talk of herself, and she confessed to me that she had, at the age of twenty, grown quite *blasé* with the monotonous attentions of adoring swains, and that she found nothing so interesting now as the admiration of married men. "I suppose I like them because they are unattainable," she said quite nonchalantly; "and I confess the nearest sentiment I ever felt to love was inspired by a married man. His unhappy domestic life first drew me to him; he said he felt I had such a sympathetic nature from the very first. Poor fellow! he is nearly crazy about me now; he fairly adores the ground I walk on."

"My dear girl, nothing is so uncertain as the impression a coquettish young woman makes on a married man," I replied. "Quite likely he is telling his wife that he pities the fool who marries you. He may flatter you and pay you compliments galore, and sigh over you just to see how much you know of human nature; but he is not respecting you, that is certain. He may feel the charm of your beauty, but he would not defend your good name if he heard it assailed; if he is sufficiently lacking in principle to lead you to receive his compromising attentions, he is lacking the honor to defend you from the tongue of gossip."

"He would defend me because he is in love with me,"she urged. "Did you never hear of an unhappily married man really feeling the love of a lifetime for some one he met afterward?"

"Once in a while that occurs," I replied. "But you are scarcely the type of girl to inspire such a passion. A man would amuse himself with you, and try to lead you on, but he would not lose his head over you. Your position and wealth and beauty would flatter his masculine pride, and he would enjoy thinking he had power to lure you over convention's barriers; but he would feel a secret contempt for you all the same. You are a spoiled, sentimental girl, whose imagination has got the better of her judgment. You are wasting sympathy and jeopardizing happiness. Nothing will so effectually drive away desirable suitors from a young girl as the accepted attentions of a married man."

The most hopeless coquette is the heartless girl with an abnormal love of conquest and excitement, who finds with married men the adventure and reckless element necessary to her happiness. Such a girl is seldom morally vicious in the generally accepted use of that term; she is superficial in her emotions, cold, vain and selfish. She likes her freedom and the opportunities of conquest and adventure it affords her. She has no idea of going wrong, but loves to play about the brink of danger. Having no deep emotions of her own to control, she tempts and arouses those of men, scarcely conscious of her evil influence; she flies laughing, mocking, and more amused than terrified out of danger's reach as soon as it menaces her. She en-

joys the tragedy of the situation, and has complete control of herself. She has a cruel element in her nature, and enjoys the power to cause pain. She prides herself on being able to make wives jealous. Both she and the sentimental girl are given to boasting of their conquests, and of their ability to attract men from their wives. The former feels a romantic sorrow for the wife, but her vanity is pleased with her own success where the wife failed, while the more heartless coquette merely despises the neglected wife. Fortunately it is a shallow, weak, and selfish type of man only who is bewitched by her; men who lack moral balance and who seek constantly for some new diversion, and who regard women as their lawful prey. These men are amused, teased and momentarily aroused by the elusive coquette, but they seldom feel a deep passion for her, as their natures are too shallow for more than a passing excitement and desire, which ends in resentment and anger when she escapes them.

People usually accuse the girl flirt of being far more depraved than she is. Her's is the depravity of mind without the corresponding depravity of body. But the public is slow to believe this. She loses her good name without having committed sin and without having inspired a great love. Her most persistent pursuers forget her quickly, or think of her without regret.

The third and most to be pitied type of girl, whose name is marred by association with a married man, is the overripe girl! She has lived to pass her twenty-fifth birthday without having loved or married. With more than ordinary mind, with a high ideal of manhood, with strong emotions and intense longing for love, she sees her girlhood's companions mated one by one, while her own dreams and hopes slip farther and farther back into the past with her first youth. Such a girl is liable to be superior to her early admirers, and as she reaches ripe womanhood she finds mental comradeship in married men only. Then comes the dangerous association with some man whose domestic life is a disappointment, and who discovers in her what he misses at home.

It may be her pastor, it may be her family physician, it may be the husband of some old schoolmate whom she visits; but as a streak of lightning sets fire to dry buildings, his glance and touch influence her ripened and craving emotions.

She is capable of feeling and inspiring a great passion; and, unlike either of the types already described, she attracts and is attracted by men strong in their emotions and of no mean mental endowments; men who have grown beyond their wives, and who have perhaps lived through years of brain solitude and heart hunger before they met this girl.

We speak of a young woman of twenty-five or

thirty as old enough to be sensible and well behaved; but, in fact, that is the very time of life when it is most difficult for an unanchored girl to be prudent and reasonable. From fourteen to seventeen a healthy, vigorous girl is in danger of imprudence or folly from ignorance of her emotions; from twenty-five to thirty she is in danger from her knowledge of them.

The blind and cruel judgment of Christian communities on this subject is inconsistent with the spirit of Christ, or with the scientific enlightenment of the present day in other matters.

When I hear of a girl in that period of life who has wrecked her future and lost her good name through some great act of folly, I am moved with the deepest pity and sorrow. She is like the ungathered dead-ripe fruit that bursts in the sun and falls into the dust below.

It is all very well for you, with your satisfied lives, to sit in judgment and say: "But she should have spurned the first approach; she should have been indignant at such a thought; she should have shown womanly pride and strength." It is not so easy to call all those qualities to your aid when, with youth slipping behind, with loneliness before, with a heart breaking for sympathy, a brain on fire with feeling, and veins bursting with unused vitality, you encounter a beautiful and alluring temptation. It is so easy to believe at such a time that

the world is well lost for love; that one hour of possession will be worth a lifetime of disgrace. But no more fallacious idea ever dazzled the eyes of the soul. Time has yet to show us the pair of lawless lovers who, having given up the world for love's sake, did not repent it if the world took them at their word. Love is the light from God's eyes; unless He smiles approval upon an earthly passion it never brings happiness or content.

The weak and tortured girl who thinks she cannot endure life without the companionship of a man who is not free to claim her before all the world would find she could not be happy with his companionship. One or both would regret the step which barred them from the respect of their kind, so dear to the human heart.

Love of approbation is very strong in most of us, and it is well that it is so. I believe more lives have been saved from wreck on the rocks of passion through love of approbation than through principle. It may not be the best motive for right-doing, but it gives better motives an opportunity to gain the ascendency later.

One would think the unhappily married man ought to have strength enough to protect the overripe girl against herself; that his wider knowledge of human emotions and temptations should fill him with pity for her. But it never does. Men have not been taught self-control is necessary to them

in these matters. The whole tendency of the world has been toward masculine freedom and self-indulgence, and it is not to be wondered at that he is the tempter instead of the protector.

But it does seem a wonder that he invariably blames the woman when he falls. Such is the fact, however; and many a passion-blinded girl, who has believed that the world was well lost for the love of a married man, lives to hear him recriminate her for leading him astray. It is the man who first and most keenly feels the lash of public blame. Many a case has come under my observation where the husband has returned to the wife who was never able to make him happy, leaving the girl who was in every way endowed to be his companion, so powerful a factor in human happiness was public respect.

It is well for the overripe girl to recall such cases before she yields to the fascinating illusion held out to her by her emotions and her lover. Nothing else in all the range of human experience is so overpoweringly alluring as the attraction of the sexes; and when the imagination and the senses are both on fire, reason lends but little light.

But alas for those who live to sit by the ashes of the burned-out senses, among the ruins of imagination! and this is an experience certain to follow an unlicensed passion. The only hope of continued happiness in the relation of man and woman is in the strengthening and deepening of the moral and

spiritual nature of both; for physical attraction *alone* is a plant that rarely outlives the season. How frail, then, must be the chances of happiness for the two who violate the moral laws to seize the perishing flower of desire! Only those who have been tempted by its perfume and false splendor and lived to wear the royal rose of a worthy love, or those who, having plucked it only to see its leaves wither and die, leaving the ugly thorns, can realize how frail such hopes of happiness are!

WHAT MEN LIKE AND DISLIKE.

In spite of the fact that"many men have many minds,'' and that individual tastes differ as greatly as features and tints, yet there are certain tastes which are essentially masculine the world over.

We have all often heard the expression, "Oh,she is just the sort of woman men like!'' and we all feel an immediate, if secret interest in the woman so referred to.

Men are the rulers of the world, and to please them is our aim and desire. Often, however, their tastes are so paradoxical that it would require a seven headed Medusa to respond to all their varied and contradictory ideas.

That a man likes beauty goes without saying, as that a bee likes flowers. But as the bee only flutters about a flower which contains no honey-yelding property, so man only hovers a brief time about the beauty without wit or charm.

A man likes a woman to be capable of talking well at times, but he does not care for the garrulous girl. He likes to be listened to himself, and objects to the girl who monopolizes the conversation almost as much as to the one who does not talk at all.

A man likes modesty, but he is disgusted with mock prudery.

He secretly likes a slightly unconventional girl, but he is so sensitive to public comment that he is afraid to openly show his liking for her unless she is well grounded socially. And he is quick to censure if she defies the proprieties or violates absolute good form.

A man is utterly lacking in independence regarding these matters, and far more sensitive to public opinion than the weaker sex. However much he might enjoy the society of a woman who defied conventional rules of dress or deportment, he would not be seen in public with her if he could avoid it. And a lapse from good morals does not offend him as quickly as a lapse from good manners. A man likes discretion, but he invites indiscretion from women. In order to please him in the matter of conduct and morals, we must do exactly the opposite to his either bold or subtle suggestions. He will advise you to be discreet with others, but tempt you to folly himself merely to flatter his own vanity. But he is disappointed and disillusioned if you yield. There are no exceptions to this rule. All men are alike in this instinct to destroy virtue, and in their secret heart hope that virtue will withstand temptation. A man likes an enthusiastic woman but he abhors gush. The girl who enjoys herself thoroughly, and is not afraid to show her enjoy-

ment, always wins more admirers than the languid beauty who is forever "bored."

He likes a girl who understands masculine sports, and can appreciate skilful games; but he does not like to have her appreciation extend to playing base-ball herself.

A man likes a woman who does not scold him for smoking, and he is never reformed by one who does.

He likes a spice of coquetry in a woman, but he does not like the absolute flirt. He may pursue her, but it is for amusement, not from admiration.

He is afraid of the woman who boasts of her conquests. The woman who tells a man how many proposals she has received and rejected from his disappointed fellow-men destroys his respect for and confidence in her discretion, and he is very sure not to add one more proposal to her list.

He likes a hint of daring flashing through a woman's nature, but he wants it hidden and controlled. Then he enjoys thinking how he can develop this dangerous trait, and congratulates himself on being an excellent fellow when he does not attempt it.

But he is repelled by bold dash and venturesomeness in a woman, for that he believes has been developed by some other man, and it is not therefore to his taste.

The French maiden is told to never lift her eyes above the second shirt stud of the gentleman to whom she is listening. This sort of shyness entertains a man for one or two occasions; after that—or after he has compelled her eyes to meet his—it bores him. He likes better the frank, honest, direct gaze of the American girl; but the unblushing stare of the flirtation-inviting belle is not to his liking, although he may respond to it for the sake of adventure.

A man likes a woman of sympathetic feeling and affectionate nature, but he is afraid of the intensely emotional one. She tires and fatigues him, and is liable to be exacting in her demands, or at least he fears that she might be. The highly emotional woman needs to wear an armor of control and repose, no matter what it costs her to do so, if she would be pleasing to man. Let her nature be suspected, and it fascinates; let it be discovered, and it *ennuies*.

A man likes a cheerful and optimistic woman, though he may strive with all his might to convert her to pessimism. Yet the ready-made cynic in woman's form shocks him. However erroneous the idea, man regards woman as the sunlight of life, and expects her to drive away malarial mists from his mind and shadows from his heart by her warmth and light.

Though she be accomplished, beautiful, and tal-

ented, she will lose ground with the opposite sex if she is cynical or sad. Every man likes to create his own pessimist. He does not wish to find one.

Men like an accomplished and bright woman rather than a talented one, and entertaining and amusing qualities rather than markedly intellectual ones.

A wise and tactful woman who desires to be popular with mankind (and she is not wise if she does not) will keep her intellect subservient to her graces and charms when in the presence of men.

A man likes a woman's intellect to shine brilliantly in its full force only when great occasions demand it. At other times he wants it veiled by her beauty and modesty. He would rather it should gleam like star shine on his path, or suddenly glow forth in shadowed places like a powerful dark lantern, than to glare always about him like an electric light, which blinds the eyes of his egotism and offends his pride.

A man likes a woman of independent and strong character, but he is not attached to her unless she possesses some feminine weaknesses. He may admire her as a good comrade, and even seek her advice, but he is more likely to love and marry the weak, clinging vine; and after the honeymoon is over he not infrequently wastes his life secretly longing for or openly seeking the companionship of

the strong character he passed by. Here, again, let the discreet woman take warning, and veil the full extent of her self-reliance and strength from the sight of man till occasion demands revealing it.

She must keep it to surprise him ever and anon, instead of flaunting it forever in his eyes.

A man likes a neat woman, and admires a stylish one. He always knows, but can never describe what he likes in the matter of feminine attire, and it is for the woman who listens to his comments on her sisters to discover his tastes. He likes trim boots, neat gloves, a snug-fitting waist and a well-hung skirt, plain draperies, good material, quiet colors. He does not like elaborate trimmings, and is sensitive about pronounced styles or odd fashions, unless they are very artistic, or worn by an exceptionally pretty women. He likes jaunty (but not dashing) hats and bonnets, not overweighed down with ornaments.

A man censures extravagance in women, but invariably admires expensive garments. He likes a girl of strong vitality, great endurance, and excellent spirits, but the mannish girl has more comrades than admirers. Although the girl who can sew, embroider, and play the piano possesses eminently domestic accomplishments, he admires the girl more who can ride, row and swim. Yet he prefers plumpness to muscle. He is annoyed or

disappointed in the girl who tires easily, and perhaps this is why he enjoys the athletically inclined young woman rather than the household deity, with her fancy work and her side ache.

A man may consider children a great bore himself, but he shrinks from a woman who openly declares her dislike for them. He expects the maternal instinct in women, and is disappointed if he does not find it, and when it strongly exists this feeling will draw him back to her often when her personal charms no longer influence him. He may prove a bad father, and an unloving husband, yet through her love for his children he often returns to her.

A man prefers temper to sulks, a storm of tears to a fit of melancholy. He is flattered by a touch of jealousy occasionally in a woman's attitude toward him, but he is weaned and alienated from her if it becomes a quality of her nature.

An occasional thunder-storm clears the air, but constant cyclones and cloud-bursts destroy life and vegetation. A man likes girls who speak well of one another, and he is repelled by those who de-declare "they hate women."

Men like women with ideas of their own, but they are afraid of women with theories or hobbies. A woman with a hobby needs to carefully blanket and stable it away from the eyes of a man whom she desires to please.

WHAT WOMEN DISLIKE IN MEN.

No matter how strong and self reliant a man may be, he likes to know that he is popular with women. He may be able to enjoy himself in a thousand ways without her, yet he is secretly uneasy, if he finds himself outside the pale of her regard.

Some of the most brilliant men the world has known did not know how to please women. They would have been no less great, and far more agreeable had they possessed this faculty.

While there are a variety of tastes in this matter, there are certain things which a man must not do if he would please us.

The very first thing a man should learn is when to go! I have known a fascinating and charming fellow, who had made an excellent impression, to utterly ruin his chances of pleasing a lady, by prolonging his call until he wearied her.

It is a dangerous thing to do once; twice it is fatal. Until a woman loves, her patience is easily exhausted, and once impatient with a man for his lack of perception, she never feels the proper respect afterward.

The finest strain of music falls unheeded on the

most appreciative ears if played too long; the grandest opera becomes tedious if it lingers through five long acts; the most entertaining man can prolong his call until he becomes a bore.

A short visit brought to an end at the moment when the lady seems most interested, is a sure way of securing pleasant recollections from her. No matter if she pouts at the brevity of the call, a wise man will not prolong it, but will make his exit with a graceful compliment. Better leave her pouting with pique than sighing with relief.

Neither should a man call too constantly, until he is an affianced lover. He lacks wisdom if he does not allow himself to be missed now and then. I have heard scores of girls speak of some attentive man in this way:

"Oh, he is sure to make himself visible before the day closes! You may be sure he will invent some pretext to call before night."

Triumph and irony, always mingle with pleasure in a woman's tones when she speaks like this.

Let him absent himself for a day or two unexpectedly, and both triumph and irony give way to solicitude. But he should be careful not to make his absence too prolonged. Once let him seem to neglect her, and a woman soon forgets a man with whom she is not wholly in love.

A woman never likes a man who is sarcastic and harsh in his criticisms of other men. It seems

always to indicate a lack of confidence in his own worth; in his ability to hold his own against others unless he depreciates them; and the moment a man doubts himself, we doubt him also.

I asked a bevy of bright girls to-day what they most disliked in a man.

Said No. 1:

"I dislike to have him make apologies for his dress. A man should never speak of his clothes to a lady."

Said No. 2:

"I dislike to have a man agree with me in everything I say and never offer an amendment."

Said No. 3:

"I dislike a man who makes me do all the entertaining."

Said No. 4:

"I dislike a man who talks on one subject until he exhausts it and me. I want him to change the topic before I am tired of it."

Said No. 5:

"I loathe a man who is afraid of drafts of air, and who is forever fussing about doors and windows, irrespective of other people's comfort."

Said No. 6:

"I detest a cynical man who has no faith in human nature or motives, and who is always talking pessimism."

So now, my dear boys, put this in your pipe and smoke it!

WHAT MEN SAY ABOUT US.

Men talk very nicely to us, but they say some very disagreeable things about us.

In the time of holiday shopping, when we and our country cousins have a monopoly of public conveyances, bazaars and stores, we furnish a fruitful subject for unpleasant comment to lordly man.

"I have made up my mind to never resign my place in a car to another woman," I overheard a very fine looking man say to a lady, evidently his wife, in the Broadway car recently.

As he made this remark he looked proudly and defiantly at several women who were wobbling about in the car, holding to the strap with one hand and grasping Christmas parcels with the other, and casting pathetic glances at all the men who had seats.

"Why, dear?" questioned the wife, somewhat timidly, for the expression on her husband's face and the sound of his voice suggested to her the nature of his thoughts.

"Because women are so confoundedly selfish, thoughtless, stupid, indifferent, ungrateful and dis-

agreeable in public places," replied the man. "I grow to despise them more every day I live. They are like a lot of hens running hither and thither, fluttering their wings in each other's eyes, quacking, cackling, getting under people's feet and pecking at you if you try to drive them in the right direction. If they would only carry out the hen nature still further, by going to their roosts at sunset, it would be a relief. But you run against them at all hours, everywhere, and it is getting worse every day. They are so beastly impolite to one another, so selfishly thoughtless of everybody's comfort save their own, that I am not going to sacrifice myself in future for a false idea of gallantry. I am going to keep my seat and let the women wobble."

I was wobbling on a strap directly in front of the man who delivered this oration, so that I received the full benefit of his remarks. He was a man of marked elegance and refinement, a thorough cosmopolitan in appearance, and his voice was that of a cultured gentleman. I felt that he was driven to this extremity of speech by long suffering at our hands. His wife interposed a mild little objection.

"Not all women are like that, I am sure," to which he replied, "Well, no, but you are about the only exception I have ever found to the rule," and after that, of course, she would not argue the point, for nothing is so delightful to a woman as to feel

that she is the sole and only exception to a disagreeable rule in a man's eyes.

I have questioned several men since that day on this subject, and so far every one has agreed to some extent with the irate orator of the Broadway car.

One gentleman told me that he saw better manners and less rudeness in a crowd on lower Bowery, which waited three hours one day to witness a boxing match, than he found the next day at the Union League Club "Ladies' Day."

I have set myself to watching you, too, my dear ladies, and I must confess the men are right in their estimate of us.

A few weeks since I accompanied a young lady friend to a theatre box-office to procure tickets.

A lady whose name is placed prominently upon Mr. Ward McAllister's visiting list, stepped out of her carriage as we approached the theatre and preceded us to the window of the box-office.

Behind us came two other people and when we had been five minutes in the place a dozen persons were in line waiting to procure tickets. Mme. Fashion settled herself in the window frame, took out her handkerchief and wiped a very ordinary looking nose leisurely, searched for her purse, refolded some bills which had became wrinkled in one of its compartments, leaned her forearms in the window and asked the young man in attendance

what chance she had for obtaining good orchestra chairs for the next evening's performance. That personage replied with the bored brevity of tone and cold calmness of expression, usual with the box-office young man, and placed the plan of the house before the lady.

She looked it over leisurely, commented on the seats sold, indicated the seats she would prefer if they were not already sold, and finally to the immense relief of the crowd of people waiting behind her, paid for several tickets, and after again re-arranging her pocket book placed the tickets within it. But instead of moving out of the line she leaned in the window again and began questioning the bored youth about the play. She had heard that some changes were made in the cast. Was it true? No! Well, how could such an idea get in circulation? Had he not heard of it? Was he quite sure? Well, she was so glad to know the facts in the case.

When she finally moved on, serenely unconscious that she had annoyed, irritated and inconvenienced a dozen people by her selfish and inconsiderate actions, I wondered what interpretation she put on the words she no doubt mumbled every Sabbath, "Do unto others as ye would they should do to you." No doubt, like many people, she supposed this sentence applied to great deeds of charity or self-sacrifice. Instead, they apply to the every-day courtesies of life.

My dear women, if you would like to have men give you seats in public places, begin by giving one another seats. I think I could count on the fingers of one hand the women I have seen resign their places to more burdened or tired sisters.

If you would like to have people courteous in crowded stores, begin by not allowing the door to slam in the faces of those who follow you; do not stand in the aisles of dry-goods establishments and chat with some friend and compel other women to push past you, and, if some woman has the politeness to ask you to let her pass, do not glare at her and stand like a great glazier until you force her to be angry and rude. Do not endanger the eyes of people who climb stairs behind you by the careless way you hold your umbrella or parasol.

If you see two friends who want to sit together in a car, and by changing your position you can accommodate them, be thoughtful enough to do so, even if you are a woman.

If you ride on an elevated road, get your nickel ready for your ticket before you reach the window, and do not keep a crowd of tired people waiting while you hunt for your purse and search for your change.

If you go to purchase theater or opera tickets, remember the feeling of the people who are waiting to do the same thing, and do not imagine that it is your right to monopolize the time, because you are a woman.

In fact "do unto others as ye would that they would do to you" in the small, trivial daily events of life and you will be helping to elevate mankind and to evangelize the world far more than if you ignore these small courtesies and wait for some great "mission."

No doubt the lady I saw at the box-office of the theater that day is an active worker in some Sunday-school or mission, and feels that she is doing her share towards educating and benefitting poor human nature. Very likely she is giving little talks to working girls on good conduct and proper deportment; and since it is fashionable to be literary, it may be that she writes articles calculated to instruct the benighted people who are not "in the swim" how to behave. But to my way of thinking she would be doing a nobler work if she practised the small decencies of life, the thoughtful politenesses which demand constant unselfishness from morning till night, even if she never entered a Sunday-school or mission.

The woman who keeps her good manners, her politeness, her courtesy for society, or for her own home even, is not doing her duty as a Christian or a refined woman. No matter how indifferent she feels to the "great unwashed" masses, no matter how small a part the public has in her life, she owes it to her sex to be thoughtful, polite and considerate of others when she is in public places or conveyances.

Not till we "do as we would be done by" in these places as well as in the home or church circles, can we expect courtesy and respect from men.

THE TACTLESS MAN.

The man who flatters every woman he meets, and has ready-made, shop-worn compliments in store, is by far more excusable than the man who cannot pay a merited compliment, and who says unflattering and blunt things with an idea that he is being frank and honest.

It is a man's duty to be gallant to women so long as she is womanly. Be she old or young, married or single, she appreciates refined gallantry from a boy or man, and misses the absence of it. No amount of strength or power on the part of a man compensates for utter lack of taste in his deportment toward her.

I was passing out of my door one day with a young lady guest, when we encountered on the steps a young gentleman who was about to ring the bell.

"Oh, are you still here?" he said, with evident pleasure in his voice. "I supposed you had gone."

What could have been more tactless and blundering? Why did he not say:

"I feared you might have gone! How fortunate I am to find you still here!"

He was really pleased to see her. His face and voice showed that. But his unfortunate phrase told her bluntly that his call was not intended for her.

Another young lady guest of mine was requested to lead a german with a gentleman at whose home a pretty girl was visiting. The day after the german took place the gentleman was calling, and I said: "I was surprised to find that Miss A, your mother's guest, does not dance."

"Yes," he replied, "it was a great disappointment to me."

Of course my friend, who had danced with him and had felt complimented at his choice of her as a partner, at once realized that she had served as a substitute because the lady he preferred could not dance. How easily he could have concealed his disappointment.

The man who compliments one lady at the cost of another, is an unfortunate sort of being.

I was once in a small company of people where the hostess found it necessary to request a moment's assistance of one of her men guests. The young man had been sitting on a divan for a considerable time chatting with a bright, talkative woman. "Mr. A , may I ask you to excuse yourself for a moment," said the hostess, "and come over here?"

"With great pleasure," cried the thoughtless, well-meaning fellow, as he sprang to his hostess' side.

"If I had known it would be such a pleasure to you I would have excused you long ago," said the woman with whom he had been chatting.

"I really think she was provoked at my leaving her so abruptly," said the stupid fellow when refering to the matter, "but how could I do otherwise when my hostess called me?"

A man like that should live apart from women, and confine his society to his own sex.

Some one chances to mention the hour in the hearing of a gifted and educated gentleman one day, who had been conversing for some time with his hostess.

"What, so early still!" he exclaimed. "I had an idea it was much later."

"I am sorry you find the time so long in my house," said the hostess coldly, as she moved away and left her guest to his merited discomfort. Talent and learning are ill bestowed upon a man with no more refinement or taste than his remark betrayed.

Even the fellow who tells you that he is surprised you take sugar in your coffee, and says "sweets to the sweet" when offering you bon-bons, is to be tolerated in preference. One can only bore you at most, while the others affront and wound.

There is a fine line between gallantry and flattery which some people do not understand. No man need be a brute to avoid being a fulsome flatterer, and no man need flatter to avoid being rude.

I know a man who tells every woman he sees in evening dress that she has the lost arms of the Venus de Milo. I heard him say it to a pudgy woman who weighed 200, and within an hour repeat it to a human skeleton. Both women were offended, and thought the man was making sport of their misfortune, when in fact he was trying to be agreeable.

The pudgy woman possessed fine teeth, and the skeleton fine eyes! A man with more brain who desired to pay a compliment, would have observed these points, but this fellow had made it a habit to compliment arms, and he was no respecter of persons.

The man who is not born with tact, and who has never studied women, needs training by some wise dame before he attempts compliments.

"That hat becomes you much more than your hats usually do," I heard a man remark to a lady one day, and the lady was highly indignant, as she well might be. He had no business to speak of her costume at all if he could not turn a more pleasing phrase than that, with a less unfortunate interpretation.

Let our young American men study the art of paying delicate and tasteful compliments to women, and let them strive to avoid stupid and brusque remarks which wound and offend without serving any useful purpose.

MISTAKES WE MAKE WITH MEN.

The most interesting study of womankind is man; it ever has been, ever will, and ever should be so. Above all other ambitions is woman's desire to please man. Whatever else she achieves she is dissatisfied with herself if she has not done that. Whatever else she has not achieved, she is in a great measure self-satisfied if she is popular with the stern sex.

The woman who is forever antagonizing men, who regards them as our natural enemies, to be scolded and found fault with, is quite as obnoxious to her own sex as to mankind. We all pity or dislike her, and wonder what she expects to accomplish by such a course of conduct; yet many of us, who desire to be appreciated, admired and respected by King Man, are making quite as great mistakes in one way or another, in our association with men, as this belligerent man-hater makes in another.

One type of woman who makes a great mistake with men, is she who talks too much about "oppressed woman" and "tyrant man;" while others of us talk too much about "queen woman" and

"slave man." Men like to call woman a queen,and declare themselves her slaves; but they are not fond of hearing too much about these relative positions of the sexes from her. The woman who excites attention, or who, by some inborn subtle charm, commands the regard of men, is one being; and the woman who demands it as her right, is another. The young lady who is forever dropping her fan, gloves, parcels, and handkerchiefs for the pleasure of seeing her escort pick them up, thereby proving he is her slave, ceases to be a queen in the eyes of the young man ere long. The young woman who invents all sorts of laborious tasks to test her lover's devotion, makes a mistake, and learns it often to her sorrow, as did the fair lady of old who demanded the flower from the brink of the precipice, and received it together with her disillusioned lover's farewell.

So much has been said regarding the charm of a vivacious manner that many young women attempt to appear animated without any feeling of, or cause for, animation. Nothing is more disastrous than a forced gayety of manner; and many a man is led to wonder uncomfortably if his tie is disarranged, or his collar crooked, when he finds his most commonplace remarks met with a senseless and perpetual laugh, while the mistaken young lady who seems to be on the verge of hysteria, imagines herself

bright and animated. Animation must come from within, not from without; it cannot be assumed at will and should never be attempted. It is a mistaken idea to suppose that a quiet gravity of manner, or a serious conversation is uninteresting to men; or that to keep them entertained it is necessary to wear a perpetual smile.

I remember once reading an absurd article, written, I think, by Mortimer Thompson, whose pen name was "Doesticks." It describes the efforts of a wife to please a rather fault-finding husband. Having read that a wife should always greet her husband with a smile, she assumed one as her husband's step was heard in the hall, and turned her beaming face upon him. His greeting, after a wondering glance at her face, was:

"Well, old woman, what are you grinning at?"

I often think of this query when I see the forced effort at gayety made by some young women in society.

Men never like gloomy or cynical women; but a quiet repose of manner pleases them much more than a strained effect at vivacity.

No greater mistake can be made with men than for a woman to boast of her success in winning hearts and proposals. It seems impossible that a woman possessed of one ray of common sense, or a particle of breeding, could do such a thing; yet it

is not unusual to hear a young lady relating her conquests to a group of admirers, and laughing over the susceptibility of mankind. Though they may laugh with her, they are sure to laugh about her among themselves when her back is turned. It is a mistake for a woman to ever be led into lowering her ideals because some man she loves and admires urges her to step down. He invariably curses her if she goes; while if she turns and passes above him, she hears his benediction, and eight times out of ten he follows her.

It is always a mistake for a young lady to talk to a man as if she were *blasé* and widely experienced in all human emotions, frailties and faults. Many innocent and inexperienced girls adopt this manner, thinking it will render them fascinating in the eyes of men.

Men are not analytic or deep-minded enough in regard to our sex, to realize that a girl who has drank too deeply of the waters of knowledge does not talk of it. Men take us for what we seem, not for what we are. The most hardened *mondaine* who wears a mask of frank innocence, fares better with them than the good, sweet-hearted girl who puts on *blasé* airs, and pretends to be a little wicked. Men judge by appearances far more than women do, and, except in cases where women are rivals, they are less liable to condemn one another for a slight lapse of speech or conduct, than men are to condemn us.

It is also one of the mistakes which women sometimes make, to ask any favor of a gentleman which will incur the least expense for him. No matter how pressing are the circumstances, she should never take the liberty unless he is a near relative. In the various circles of American society, where it is the custom of young men to escort young ladies to theaters and other places of entertainment, it is a mistake for a young lady to ever voluntarily expatiate her fondness for the theater or the concert in his presence. It might be proper to say here, perhaps, that it is a mistake for young ladies to attend such places with young men, unaccompanied by a chaperon. But, though much has been said and written about the chaperon nowadays, I am willing to assert that in the whole of America there are not more than one thousand young ladies who consider the chaperon a necessity, while at least half a million very excellent young ladies are being escorted about by admiring swains every evening in the year.

It is also a mistake for a young lady to correct or scold her parents in the presence of young men, imagining they will admire her culture or courage, or imagine they will not notice it. I heard a wealthy and accomplished young lady at one of our noted sea-shore resorts severely criticised and condemned by a group of gentlemen one day, because one of

them had heard her speak unkindly to her mother.

It is a mistake for a woman (wife, mother, sister or sweetheart), to make plans for the disposal of all a man's spare hours, and then expect him to enjoy himself.

It is a mistake for a woman to try to prove to men her great knowledge and superior intellect. They enjoy an intellectual woman when they discover her brightness themselves, but they do not like to have her force her brains and learning upon them.

But it is just as great a mistake to assume an air of insipidity, and expect a man to think it charming. Men are exacting in their demands. Too much or too little brain in woman is equally offensive to them.

It is the mistake of a lifetime to give a man any liberty which you would not want known, and expect him to keep the matter a secret. The exceptional man will sometimes hide the indiscretion of a young girl whom he believes spoke or acted from ignorance; but the average man, in the highest the same as in the lowest walks of life, boasts of his successes with foolish women, and the rendezvous,

the letter, the embrace, or the souvenir which she has given him, thinking it will never be known to others than themselves, is shortly the matter of gossip among a dozen people.

Women hide their secrets far better than men do. They fear the censure of the world too much to share their errors or indiscretions with confidantes. But men are almost invariably vain and proud of their conquests, and relate their achievements with the fair sex to one or two admiring friends. They seldom use names, but let the incidents once be told, it is an easy matter to discover the personages if one is at all curious to do so.

The only way to keep men from betraying our indiscretions is not to commit them. I once made these remarks in the presence of several ladies, and one of them replied, "that she was glad she had never been acquainted with the class of men I knew." At the same time that lady's name had been used lightly in a club room not a week previous, and her indiscreet actions had been commented on by "the class of men" she did know.

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It is the worst mistake of all for a woman to think she can make no mistake. The moment that conviction enters her head she is on the highway to some grand blunder whereby she will wound, disgust or antagonize the man she most cares for. Eternal watchfulness, never-failing caution, per-

petual tact, and equal quantities of pride and humility are necessary ingredients in the behavior a woman needs to use with men. This should be garnished with good sense, flavored with coquetry and served with good-nature. And even then we will be liable to make some mistakes. Since one man will complain of too much coquetry in the flavoring, and another will call it insipid; one will say we have too much pride to render the dish palatable, and another will complain of an overdose of humility; and still another will think we served our conduct too cold, while his comrade will think the opposite.

LIBERTIES MEN TAKE.

However harsh the facts we write about you,
Dear naughty men, we could not live without you?

Do men ever attempt liberties with women uninvited or without cause? is a question that has been propounded to me to answer. "Liberties" in this connection might be defined as every look, action or word which could not be indulged in before parent, chaperon, husband, or the whole world, and which could not be understood or explained as an honorable effort to win a lady's hand in marriage.

The word "liberties" might be likened unto charity, as it covers a multitude of sins. It can be classified under three captions:

First:—the coarse liberties attempted by strangers in public places or conveyances—such as following a lady on the street, crossing and recrossing her path, staring her out of countenance while she waits for a car, the nudging of knees or elbows in omnibuses or cars, etc., etc.

Second:—the effort men make to lead young women into unconventional or imprudent actions.

Third:—the attempt at love-making which men make toward many married women.

The question before the house, on this occasion is "Do men attempt any of these liberties unsolicited?"

A great many men and a few women will respond, "No!" But every man in his secret soul knows better, and the few women judge only from their own narrow and limited personal experiences.

I once heard a very sensible man of the world declare it to be his opinion that no lady ever received the slightest discourteous advances from any man without some indiscretion of dress, deportment or speech. Shortly afterwards he married a lady whom he knew to be a paragon of dignity and correctness in all public places.

One day I happened to be visiting at the house when his wife came in from a shopping expedition, laboring under great excitement. She related how a well-dressed man had followed her into a dry-goods establishment, waited until she had finished her shopping, and had then followed her upon the street, twice passing her and looking back over his shoulder at her. As she hurried up the elevated stairway to escape him, he called out:

"Good-by, little darling!"

She was fortunate to find an unoccupied seat in the train, but was obliged to relinquish it quickly on account of the persistent nudging of the man who sat next her.

Since that day her husband has been discreetly silent on the subject he had previously discussed so positively with me.

The young woman who is forever complaining, however, that some man "keeps staring at her" in public places ought to remember that if she had not looked at him she would not have known he was "staring." It takes *two* to make a stare annoying!

It would be well to supplement the old adage to "Never look a gift horse in the mouth" with "Never look a strange man in the eyes."

We now reach category No. 2.

It is my opinion that eight men among ten attempt some degree of liberty with unmarried ladies.

It may be no more than the paying of a bold compliment or a devouring inventory with the eyes of her physical charms. It may be a seeming unconscious and lingering clasp of her palm, while he talks of the weather, or says his adieux, or an unnecessary fingering of her wrist while he buttons her glove, or a too familiar embrace in the dance, and it may all take place, and does frequently take place, under the watchful eyes of a chaperon.

The young lady may or may not know that liberties have been taken with her.

If the man be not especially pleasing to her she at least suspects that he is attempting liberties, and

repels them. If he is attractive to her she calls them gallantries, usually, and forgives them.

The man who takes these liberties, however, always knows their name, and would be inclined to break the head of any other man who attempted the same conduct with his sister.

But he frequently does not lose respect for the young lady who has allowed him these liberties, because he has always the excuse of her ignorant innocence.

Young ladies are not expected to know mankind or the world. They not infrequently know more than they are supposed to. This ignorance is the part they are expected to play, and they play well. A man feels it to be his right and privilege to take advantage of this ignorance, with or without encouragement.

A pretty and well-behaved young lady who supports an invalid parent holds a salaried position in a large New York business house which is filled with men.

The proprietor is a married man, who occupies a high social and church position. His face is well known upon the street and in society parlors. Yet this man has on several occasions politely urged this young lady to go out to lunch or dine with him at restaurants or hotels.

He knows perfectly well that to do so would be to cast a shadow of doubt upon her discretion in

the eyes of every man in the building and in the restaurant or hotel. He knows it is not a prudent thing for her to do. Were his daughter in such a position, he would want to shoot the man who attempted such a liberty with her. Yet he is but one of scores of the pew-holders and money-handlers in this and other cities who urge their young lady employés to similar indiscretions without cause.

We now come to category No. 3, and with a mental, acrobatic feat I point the pen a moment since used in the defense of my sex directly against it.

We hear not infrequently of youths who commit suicide out of hopeless love for some married woman. Attractive young hostesses, and some not so young, tell their intimate friends how they are annoyed by the love-making of certain men.

I listened not long ago to a woman with half-grown sons, who recounted to me the sorrowful pity she entertained for a young man who had "quite without cause" fallen in love with her.

Now, this is the utmost nonsense. However much a man might fall in love with a married woman, he would never dare put it in words unless she encouraged him.

The chief occupation of the average society man is to discover as early as possible in his acquaintance with an attractive married lady how much love-making she expects. Arrest his first phrase,

and he is well satisfied to become your friend, and will shortly confide to you the fact that he is awfully bored with married flirts. Let him proceed, and you have only yourself to blame for what follows.

It is no use to tell me you *did* rebuke him, and that he insisted on following you about, and that he took the boldest liberties to get near you, and that he *would* talk in such a desperate way to you.

I know men too well to believe you. They are by nature too indolent to pursue a woman who shows them plainly that she does not care for them, and that she *does* care for her husband.

They will pursue a single woman because they have a lingering hope that they may be finally successful in dispelling her reserve, and becoming her teacher in so-called affairs of the heart. But the woman who is already taught they do not think worth while to pursue unless she holds out some little ray of encouragement.

I have heard a woman scold a man for talking too devotedly to her. Yet the corners of her mouth expressed a flattered vanity. The dullest man reads this sort of language quickly through the magnifying lens of his egotism. It needs only the curve of a lip in a half smile and the droop of a lid to make him forget the reproving words and renew his liberties.

Perhaps, once in a hundred times, a man may feel a sudden unaccountable passion awaken in his

heart for a married woman who has not tried to attract him. But unless she *does* encourage him, he will keep away from her. He is too lazy and too egotistical to follow her about and subject himself to her indifference.

Whenever a man pursues a married woman, or insists on the liberty of making love to her, it is when she encouraged him with her eyes, even if she rebuked him with her lips.

We hear a great deal about a man's love of opposition in affairs of the heart. It is true he loves to have a woman say no, and enjoys compelling her to change it to yes. But he never attempts it unless he sees "yes" hidden back under her eyelids.

Look him boldly in the face with "no" in your eyes and on your lips, and he will not bother himself to trouble you with a second negative.

There is a Chinese proverb which says:

"Do not arrange your hat in passing through an apple orchard, or tie your shoe in going through a melon patch."

Married life is an apple orchard and a melon patch in one, through which we need to walk very carefully and discreetly if we would avoid the appearance of evil.

WOMAN'S INFLUENCE ON MAN.

Woman's influence on man has been discussed in the pulpit and on the rostrum, and over and over illustrated upon the stage and in the divorce court. Authors have embodied it in romance and poets have sung of it, and yet the subject has not been half exhausted, so profound is it.

Once upon a time I believed that all women belonged to one of two classes, viz., the good and the bad. And that the influence of the good woman must of necessity be good, as the influence of the other class was correspondingly evil.

But acquaintance with humanity taught me that these two classes are possessed of many subdivisions.

First:—There are the sweetly good women who have no comprehension of evil, and are good because they cannot help it.

Second:—The passionately good women whose intensely sympathetic natures are able to sound the heights and depths of emotions. Women who have felt the power of temptation from within, but whose white souls have been strong enough to keep close to truth and principle.

Third:—The goody-good women whose virtues are all negative.

The members of the first class are always shocked, wounded and startled at the thought of evil doing.

Those of the second are full of pity and charity, realizing the possibility of a false step.

Those of the third are more cruel than the grave to any misdoer.

I found, too, that wickedness had also its classifications:

First:—The woman of poorly developed moral nature, no balance, and possessed of violent emotions and a reckless love of pleasure.

Second:—The woman of coldly calculating ambition, unlimited greed, and a quick brain with dulled moral perception.

Third:—The woman who is all heart and no head; in whom the luxurious love element has run wild, choking the moral nature, as an unpruned rose vine will choke and smother lily buds and moss beds.

The first class we hear of only through the criminal courts and police records.

The second we meet frequently in society, splendidly clothed and dispensing hospitality to a large train of followers.

The third we hear spoken of always with a half apology—and those who are not under the spell of her fascinations are either pitying or condemning her. She is only goodness gone astray.

The effect of the sweetly good women upon man is like the perfume of a flower that grew in his childhood's garden, or a strain of music heard in his youth.

He is ashamed of his grosser appetites when he is in her presence. He would not like her to know of his errors and vices. He feels like another man when near her, and realizes that he has a spiritual nature. Yet as the effect of the strain of music or the perfume of the flower is necessary, so often her influence ceases when he is absent from her, unless she be the woman who rules his life.

The passionately good woman is quite different in her influence. He does not forget the grosser man when in her presence; he is conscious of himself in his entirety; he even is inclined to confide to her his temptations and his weaknesses, so sure he feels that she could understand and make him stronger. His respect for her is so intense he feels that he could reveal his heart to her. She stimulates his sense of honor and self-respect, and long after he has gone from her presence her influence is an incentive to self-control and noble actions.

The goody-good woman, on the contrary, drives him to desperate thoughts and deeds. So unattractive does she render virtue that he rushes from her presence with a wild inclination to be vicious.

The recklessly evil woman recruits her ranks largely from the men who are obliged to dwell

much of the time in the atmosphere of the goody-good woman. The recklessly bad woman, however, seldom proves more than a brief diversion to the most desperate man. He is soon shocked and disgusted, for however undeveloped may be his spiritual nature, man has an innate desire to respect woman and never finds lasting satisfaction where he cannot feel respect.

The coldly designing woman is an excellent actress and something of a hypnotist. She draws men into her power to serve her own purposes, flatters their vanity, studies their weaknesses, and usually gains her ends, that of obtaining money favors or influence. She can simulate any emotion, and stops at nothing to further her interests. To the credit, in general, of mankind, be it said that she usually selects a weak type of the genus homo to operate upon, which accounts for her repeated successes.

The most dangerous woman in her influence upon men is the good woman has gone wrong through excess of her affectional element in her nature. Man responds to this element in woman's nature as the steel responds to the magnet, and unless he is strongly anchored in principle, and a happy home life, he is liable to become the hopeless slave of this woman, if he falls in her way, even at the sacrifice of name and honor.

There is a peculiar order of women who may be-

long to any one of these classes. Her peculiarity consists of a leech-like quality which slowly saps the vitality of those with whom she dwells. Her intimate associates of either sex invariably lose strength and force, and she usually buries one or more husbands—the number regulated by the amount of physical charms and mental attractions she may possess.

This woman seems to belong to no particular type. She may be very good, or very bad, morally; highly emotional or phlegmatic, and I have seen her small, thin and delicate and again found her among the superbly developed Junos.

She may be quiet and diffident in manner, or brilliantly entertaining; but whatever she is, this mystic occult quality quite unknown and unrecognized by herself, and as yet unexplained by science, secretly feeds upon the life forces of those nearest her. She thinks it a strange dispensation of Providence which sends sickness to her dear ones, and deprives her of all her husbands, never suspecting that this death-dealing quality lies within herself.

After having been in her presence a little while, without knowing why, you begin to experience a sense of fatigue and lassitude; and yet she may have been exceedingly brilliant and entertaining.

I knew such a woman—one of the best of her sex, morally and mentally, and fair physically. Yet so depressing and enervating was her effect upon a

friend whom she visited, that the lady was obliged to write to the guest's husband asking him to shorten his wife's visit by calling her home under some pretext.

"I cannot explain to you what it is," the hostess wrote, "I am fond of your wife, and I enjoy her socity, but I am so overcome by lassitude and weakness, after I have been in the house with her all day, that I can hardly stand. It is some peculiarity she possesses that draws upon my vitality, and I must ask you to send for her."

The husband replied: "You know now why I so willingly consented to her making you a long visit. I supposed I was the only person she could affect in this way. I have saved my health and life, only by absenting myself from her half the time."

Many a case of marital incompatibility could be traced to a similar cause.

WOMEN WHO ARE LIKE FLOWERS.

Women are more difficult to understand, and more diversified in type than men."

All men have certain qualities in common—a certain aggressiveness in regard to our sex; a certain egotism; a vein of worship, and a vein of disdain for woman, running side by side in their mental make-up; a certain pride in their own superiority, and a proud consciousness of their ability to have a good time without us, no matter how adorable they think us.

There are as many kinds of women as there are of flowers and vegetables. But there are a few distinct types of femininity that are easily classified and interesting to study.

I never meet a woman that I do not analyze her, to see in which department of my mental conservatory she belongs. It is a question easily decided in one interview—often at one glance. Sometimes, however, it requires a more careful study and analysis.

There is the handsome woman, for instance.

She is usually large, and her features are regular and strongly outlined. She may be pale or rosy, but if she has color it does not suggest warmth. She may be blonde or brunette, gay or reserved, animated or reposeful, but I never think of any word but handsome for her. She is not pretty, lovely, beautiful or charming to me. She is *handsome.* I love to look at her. I will go out of my way to see her, but I do not want to touch her, and I am not anxious to talk to her. She wins my admiration as does a fine picture, a house, a piano, or a statue. Men always turn to look at her, and are eager to be introduced. She is admired, flattered, sought; but seldom loved deeply. Her husband is very proud of her, but he is not her passionate lover.

I place her with my camellias, dahlias, holyhocks fuschias, and other scentless, but attractive flowers.

The "lovely" woman is quite another type. She may be small or large, distinctly beautiful, pretty, or merely interesting, but she is always spoken of as "lovely." She is seldom forceful in character or noticeably strong; but she possesses an individuality of her own and it is always winning and never aggressive. Without any effort on her part, you always feel that she is unselfish, kind-hearted and pure-minded. She praises other women and enjoys other's pleasures, and is thoughtful in small things. She is a great favorite with her own sex, and men

give her an idolized sort of friendship, which is very apt to grow into affection if they are very much in her society. She is inclined to treat men exactly as she treats women, because she is so sweet and pure minded, and unconscious of her own lovableness. She is seldom a belle, but she has always a host of loving friends and tender admirers, and her husband regards her as a sort of cross between an angel and a child. She brings out all that is best in him without attempting a reform. Women are seldom jealous of her, because her innate goodness is felt by one and all.

I place this woman among my sweet lilies, thornless roses, and sprays of mignonette and heliotrope, and surround her with rose geraniums and evergreens; for no matter how old she may grow, she is always "lovely!"

Then there is the "kissable" woman. Her size, age, tints, features, disposition, character—one and all have seemingly nothing to do with her charm. All you are conscious of in her presence is the desire to take her in your arms and kiss her. She may be absolutely devoid of personal beauty, and not young, and yet nine men and a-half and seven women out of each ten, will want to kiss her if they are in her presence five minutes. Sometimes she is good and kind and unselfish, and possessed of beauty; and then she is always breaking hearts without mean-

ing to do so, and winning love she cannot return. She sees more beautiful women giving more encouragement to men than she gives, and indulging in far more desperate flirtations without causing any such disaster as she causes, by one kind sweet smile; and she cannot understand it all, at least not until she has had all sorts of trouble out of it. But the fact is, that the men who are quite hardened to flirtations with the merely beautiful woman, lose their heads in an insane desire to seize the kissable girl in their arms. Women who do not possess this charm, and who play a bold game of flirtation without incurring any such risks and dangers, find it impossible to explain the effect of the kissable girl upon her admirers. They think she must be a very deep and adroit siren at heart, while, in fact, she is often frankness personified. She is inclined to become somewhat selfish however, as time passes, in her love of admiration, and to take as her natural right more love than belongs to her. But she is never malicious or intentionally unkind. She feels sorry for her lovers after she has won them, and she never wounds another woman if she can help it without a too great sacrifice of the love and devotion which is her native element. She is full of love herself, and her friendships are inclined to be as ardent as the loves of the "handsome woman." Her rejected lovers become her friends almost always and her

husband worships her and finds her a better wife than she was a sweetheart. If she marries a man strong and tactful enough to keep her entire heart, she becomes a great favorite with her own sex, for women have always been inclined to adore her when they were not jealous of her influence over men.

I place the kissable woman among my luscious roses—with now and then a hidden thorn—my spicy carnations, wherein a bee may be concealed, and my fragrant magnolias.

Then there is the "designing" woman, with the fair face and voluptuous form, who is politic in all she says or does. She always has her little axe to grind, hidden somewhere in the folds of her costly robe—for she always wears costly dresses and favors jewels. She seeks the love of men who can advance her interests and increase her revenue, and she considers nothing immoral that is not found out. She studies the weakness of the sterner sex and is willing to take any risk with the expectation of financial or social benefit. She assumes great virtues, frequents churches, is liberal in public charities, courts the women who can give her a back-ground of respectability; ignores snubs, and smiles down cold stares. She invites herself to houses where she thinks it is well for her to be seen, and if the society paper chronicles her

name as one of the guests she feels repaid for any neglect or indifference she may have received while there. She cares only for men as they may be useful to her, but she is such an adept in the arts of fascination that she is capable of incurring their very intense—if very fleeting—devotion, and they are not infrequently ready to sacrifice name and honor for her. But she disillusions them with her mercenary frivolities, and her husband finds her disloyal, and her career is certain to end in that of an adventuress. She is sure to attract a vast amount of comment and notice wherever she goes, and she is quite content if she can make a sensation.

She belongs to the uncanny cactus plants, and the gorgeous-hued tropical flowers from which deadly poisons are distilled.

Then there is the distinctly "intellectual" woman, who is so alarmingly well-informed on all subjects, and so anxious to have you realize her mental superiority. She has thought on every subject under and over the sun, and has formed her convictions on all matters, and the instant you broach a subject she hastens to assure you that she knows all about it. She sometimes possesses handsome features, but her too active intellect has sharpened them, and hued away the curves of beauty. She is inclined to dress severely, and to wear very digni-

fied bonnets. She thinks out her answers a sentence ahead of your remarks, and waits for you to finish, with mere tolerance. Her woman friends speak of her with great respect as "such an intelligent person," and the clergyman of her faith is the only man who ever bestows any voluntary attentions upon her. Her husband considers her a remarkably intelligent woman—but he is given to dining at the club a great deal, and meekly acknowledges that he cannot hold a candle to his wife in brain.

The useful, healthful, but strong and tear-starting leek is suggested to me by this woman. A very small flavoring of this vegetable is all one's taste requires.

The "useful" girl is another type. She can sew, cook a dinner if need be, amuse children, assist in getting up entertainments for other people to participate in, dance enough to fill up an impromptu set, play cards well enough to take a hand when the old people need her, and she is an excellent nurse, and reads aloud well, and sings a little—enough to rock a child asleep or to help out a chorus. She is not noticeable in any way—is neither pretty nor ugly, and is very simple in her attire. Everybody makes use of her, and everybody likes her. She has no enemies and no lovers. Women like her very much, and men speak highly of her when she is brought to their attention in some

way; but they never think about her voluntarily. They appreciate her highly when she helps them out of a corner, and thank her cordially, and then forget her until they need her again. She is not apt to marry, for men do not care for useful girls before marriage. She usually drifts into old maidenhood, or marries a widower with a lot of children.

She is like the green "everlasting" or old-fashioned "live-forever" plants — scentless, and not beautiful, yet indispensable in a garden. Everybody needs it in a bouquet to serve as a background for the bright flowers, but nobody cares for it for itself. No man ever thinks of plucking it for his boutonniere, but he appreciates its effect and value in the garden.

Then there are the every-day "pretty girls"— pretty with youth, and hope, and good spirits merely — who have no distinguishing traits or peculiarities but who please the eye while it beholds them, like the common field-daisies, buttercups and clover blossoms growing by the roadside. And again, there are the critical, pessimistic, fault-finding, fault-discovering women, who always make you feel dissatisfied with yourself and the world; and these are the prickly-pears, the burrs and thistles of womankind.

Not all women can become the human flower of their choice, but all women can, at least, avoid becoming weeds and thistles.

A MAN'S FIRST WIFE.

"Will you love me always, as long as I live?" questions the fond young wife.

"Always," answers the adoring husband: "alive or dead, you will be the one woman of my existence to me. I could never love another. If you should die life would be a desert to me—a lonely island, where I should wait and watch for the ship of death to come to my rescue and bear me away to you."

He means what he says, and when she dies the gloom on his face is as deep as the band of crepe on his hat is wide. Yet as months go by the band narrows and the gloom lightens. Where at first he only noticed other women to compare them unfavorably with his dead darling, and to wonder bitterly why they were spared and she taken, he begins now to notice them individually, and to comment upon their charms, and before the crepe band has wholly disappeared from his hat the gloom has lifted enough from his heart to let in the sunlight of another woman's smile.

He struggles against the temptation which assails him, he tells himself that his heart is buried in the

grave of his dead wife, but his heart insists on quickening at the sight of this new woman's face, and at the sound of her voice. The dead face is hidden under six feet of earth. The living face smiles near. One cannot sit by tombs forever in the pride of one's manhood. His darling was too unselfish to desire him to mourn his life away in loneliness. She would tell him to be happy could she speak. He can never forget her, he can never love as he loved her, but he needs a companion to look after his comfort, and to keep him from utter desolation, and to be a mother to his children perhaps.

So he reasons and marries. The new wife is tactful and affectionate. She knows more of the world than his first wife did, maybe, and she "manages him" with a skill that astonishes him. What began as a "good comradeship" and a marriage of convenience develops into a love match.

Those who knew the first wife and thought it an ideal marriage look on this second union with shocked surprise at first, afterwards with resignation; but they say to themselves and to those who knew him in the days of the early marriage, "He can never forget his first wife. It was a perfect love match. He married again merely for convenience. It is all right, of course. She makes him a good wife, they say, but he must have many sad hours when he thinks of that first wife."

Alas for sentiment, that is so seldom true. The fact is, he rarely thinks of the first wife at all, and when he does he thinks of her in the same way he thinks of some incident in his childhood; she is a vague, sweet memory, no more. The dead are so very dead; the living are so much alive.

At the very first, after he has married the second wife, he received a shock now and then when he looked at the portrait of his first wife, or came across some souvenir of their love life; but even those things ceased to affect him after a little. The finer sensibilities become easily dulled by custom, especially when the passions are satisfied and the heart and stomach filled.

I recollect being in the house of a widower once who had to be restrained by force from going to the grave of his wife at midnight in a pouring rain. His devotion to her in life had been sincere and unfailing, yet scarcely a year later he brought home another wife whose love and companionship caused him to forget the second anniversary of the other's death. Her portrait hung always in his room, yet I have seen his eyes rest upon it without seeing it, while he expatiated upon the wit and charm of his living companion.

A bit sad, perhaps, this seems to the sentimental and romantic, but a sadder picture is the man who makes the living wife miserable by extolling the dead one on every occasion.

I sometimes think it is mainly the people who make a very hard thing out of life, and who are very unadaptable to circumstances who remain constant to first loves or dead companions.

The man who takes life easily, and who adapts himself to the people with whom he may be forced to associate, is by far the more agreeable man of the two, and he makes the better citizen because he identifies himself with his surroundings.

But he seldom remains a widower long, and though he may be full of sentiment, he bestows it upon the living, and not upon the dead.

As a rule I have observed that the man who is an ardent lover to his first wife, if she dies becomes an ardent lover to his second; and the man who made a slave of his first wife becomes a slave to his second. From this statement we might conclude that second wives have the best of it anyhow, and yet I never saw the maiden who did not declare that on no conditions would she become a second wife. It is generally considered an undesirable and unhappy lot, despite the many instances where it proves happy and desirable.

It seems prosaic to the romantic mind, albeit it often contains more love and romance than the first.

The dreaming maiden never figures as a second wife in her love visions, however she may figure in real life later on; yet a first marriage often fits a man to be a far tenderer husband and more

devoted lover. He remembers his first wife only sufficiently to recall his errors and mistakes, and to avoid them in his treatment to his second. Most girls, however, would prefer taking the risk of his mistakes, to deriving the benefit of his experience.

However numerous may have been a man's amours, a woman likes to think that she has brought a new experience into his life in the honeymoon. A man's first lawful possession of a pure and loving woman for his very own would seem to mark a never to be forgotten era in his life, no matter what unhappiness may have followed; yet the human heart is a strange machine. A sweet and noble woman, whose nature was profound and full of feeling, once shocked me with a confession.

"I was but 22 when my first husband died," she said. "I worshiped him, and we had been ideally happy. All the world seemed a tomb after he died. I did not believe life held any joy for me. My only happiness for years was found in passing whole days beside his tomb. Yet I married again before I was 30 a man who had awakened, it seemed to me, a deeper passion in my heart than the early love. And now year after year goes by in which I forget to notice the anniversary of my first marriage or of my husband's death, so absorbed am I in this man."

As an opposite to this case I knew a stubborn and selfish woman who was persistent and constant in

her violent grief at the loss of her young husband. Years passed with no abatement of her angry resentment at fate; and yet, finally she entered into litigation with the aged parents of her husband about the property.

The same dogged characteristics marked each event of her life.

Stubborness is often a strong element in constancy to sorrow.

Yet I would not wish to be understood that only stubborn and selfish natures remain faithful to dead loves. I think only selfish natures impose an outward expression of their grief on all those who come near them, but I have in mind a man who is the soul of unselfishness and goodness of heart, who has remained true to the memory of a dead wife for more than twenty years. He is a very cheerful man, casting sunshine about him wherever he goes, but "she is always with me," he says. "Never a day passes that I do not live over the four happy years of our brief wedded life. I feel her presence always about me, and I am not unhappy; but I could not marry another woman, for I should feel that I had two wives, she is such a living presence to me always."

This is love in its most rarefied and spiritual type, which we seldom find in the hearts of men. This man is really living in the spirit now, and the casting aside of his body by death will be no more

than the crossing of a bridge, from one shore to another. Very few men love their wives with this sort of love; when they do there is no second marriage possible.

Should any force of circumstances render a second marriage advisable with this man, however, and he once decided to take the step, I am not prepared to say that he would retain the memory of the first wife to any marked degree. There is something remarkably absorbing and obliterating in marriage. The living woman who shares a man's name and home is more engrossing than the dead angel, even if she is only a wife of convenience and not of love.

Even if she irritates and annoys him she keeps his thoughts from straying far away from her.

Women's hearts feed on past memories, but men's seldom do more than nibble at such intangible food. A man thinks of what he sees, a woman of what she remembers. He is no more fickle or unfeeling than woman, but he is more of a philosopher, and he does not make himself miserable over the irrevocable.

It behooves the woman who would not be forgotten to stay alive.

THE SUMMER GIRL.

The Summer girl *par excellence* is, like the poet, born, not made.

The belles of the Winter salon, and the ball-room beauty, quite frequently prove ignominious failures as the Summer girl; while one less beautiful and with less style carries her world by storm.

Unless nature has bestowed certain peculiar qualities, the most charming and accomplished maiden will not succeed in the role of Summer girl. The matter of hair and complexion are vital points in her career.

The pink and white beauty who has attracted all eyes at theater and reception with her lovely tints, seldom succeeds as a Summer girl, because she burns to a lobster red each time she takes an outing.

The girl who tans a rich brown is well prepared for a Summer campaign. Tan, when evenly distributed, is not considered unbecoming by the majority of men, and even a few freckles scattered about the eyes and across the bridge of the nose are in the outing season thought piquant and pretty.

But the girl whose face becomes a turkey's egg, with yellow back ground, and black polka-dots, and the girl whose nose burns and scales in the sun, may as well retire from the contest at once.

If she is a sturdy sailor and a skilled tennis-player, the men will consider her a jolly good comrade, but they will not make love to her.

And this is what the Summer girl desires, however much she may deny it.

Let her realize that her red nose stands between her and romance, and devote her Summer to the pursuit of good health, and put aside all thoughts of sentiment until the Winter time. Then, with her face bleached out into its natural pink and white tints, clothed in a pretty gown and posing on a divan before a glowing grate, her hour will come to conquer.

At ball and theater party, she can reign as queen of hearts, but the sceptre of the Summer girl is not for her.

Pretty feet, and well turned ankles, are a necessity to the Summer girl. It is only the wall flowers and chaperons who notice the dancers' feet in a Winter ball-room, and many a reigning belle succeeds in hiding her unbeautiful feet from view in parlor and promenade by adroit dressing and posing. But the Summer girl cannot conceal her feet or ankles, for she must sit in hammocks, step into boats, and perhaps expose herself in bathing

costumes. Attractive feet are therefore an immense advantage, if not an absolute necessity, to her career.

Naturally curling hair goes a long way towards making the Summer girl a success, whether blonde or brunette. The girl who can emerge from the ocean bath or return from a hot promenade with her hair kinking and curling about her brow and neck owes a large debt to nature. But even if her hair does not curl, she can be thankful and hopeful if her ear-locks do not straggle in a limp and soggy way.

Damp, straight masses of thick hair clustered about the brow often give a pretty face a newer charm than carefully arranged frizzes; but the girl who is afflicted with scolding locks which refuse to grow beyond a certain undesirable length, and which lose their curl at the first breath of humidity, that girl need never hope to reign a Summer queen.

No sentiment could survive the sight of those unmanageable locks, lapping over a dress collar or spreading over eyes and ears.

Let her keep herself in the background until cool weather aids her in frizzing her usually fine and silken hair into a pretty fluff again, and then let her enter the field with the best of them.

The girl who feels languid and lifeless the mo-

ment the mercury mounts above the eighties, should not aspire to be a Summer girl. Physical endurance and the ability to be entertaining and amusing in the dog days, as well as picturesque, are imperative qualities for this role.

To sum it all up, then, the girl who blossoms out like a sunflower in hot weather; who has hair and complexion that are not demoralized by heat; who terminates in neat feet and who is upholstered in fetching costumes, that girl is a successful summer girl, even if she goes no further than the veranda act and sits all day long under her red parasol, displaying pretty boots and hosiery and pretending to read.

Men will leave the dancing girl with the limp, rolling locks, and the tennis girl with the fish-scaled nose, to lean over the veranda girl's chair and talk sweet nothings and keep other men away.

Add to these qualities, however, positive prettiness and the accomplishments of rowing, swimming, riding and tennis, and you have the perfection of the Summer girl—fitted for any sport, equipped for any conquest—and who—seeing her with nature for a background, can resist her?

Not the college graduate, who likes an athletic girl; not the sentimental youth, who likes to sit with a pretty girl in the moonlight; not the *blasé* young man, who likes to be amused, for she is

equipped to please them all. The world is hers for two or three happy months. She is queen and empress of her domain till the leaves begin to fall, and the days begin to shorten.

All hail to her!

THE WOMEN WHO GOSSIP.

"Why do you go to Mrs. Blank's house?" said to me once a very excellent woman who had always borne a spotless reputation. "She has been so talked about, I wonder what you find in her to attract you."

"Just what I do not find in you—charity for other women," I replied.

My friend looked somewhat nonplussed, but she hastened to reply,

"She has more reason to be charitable and lenient than I. Her past needs the mantle of charity thrown over it and mine does not—there is nothing in my life that would not bear the light."

"There is a narrow fissure of severe judgment in your heart that needs the light of love and sympathy thrown into it," I responded. "When I encounter such a hoplessly good woman as you, who never met temptation, I can understand why a tempted Christ is symbolized by religion as man's judge. He will show mercy; having been human, he understands human weakness."

Yet as a rule I have not found it to be the spot-

less good women who are the severe judges of weaker sisters—quite the contrary.

Innumerable instances occur to me as I think on the subject, in which the purest and sweetest of women have in my hearing defended some victim of gossip, made excuses for her weakness, or refused to believe the stories afloat about her until forced to do so, while in almost every instance these stories were set afloat by some woman whose own past had not been free from reproach.

It seems a remarkable fact that a woman who has ever been the object of scandal should wish to repeat or spread about an unkind report regarding another woman; but such cases are too numerous in all our experiences to need verification.

This is an age of progress and freedom for woman. The day of the "Scarlet Letter" has passed with its endless martyrdom for the erring.

Public sentiment has become so liberalized and the world so busy with scientific discovery, and the growth of thought in all direction, that a woman who has committed some early error or folly is allowed in time to make amends, redeem her ways, and occupy a respectable position among cultivated and agreeable people, who do not bother themselves to study up her past life.

But the ever-increasing wonder in my mind is, that these are the women who most frequently unearth the skeletons of scandals beneath fair structures

which other women are trying to build: and that the woman who has once herself been the object of scorn is the first to point her finger at a newcomer in the court of respectability.

Once upon a time I happened upon the sad sealed page in the early life of a bright woman whom I had known pleasantly for a few years. The knowledge of her youthful folly came to me quite by accident, and I felt only sympathy to think of all the suffering it must have caused one of her mental and affectional endowment, and I rejoiced to think that she had been able to live it down.

She was a devoted wife, a kind friend and an active worker in all good causes, and I respected her for having climbed on the ladder of her mistakes to her present position. What was my shocked surprise to hear that woman severely condemn shortly afterwards a young girl, and insist upon believing some gossip which had been set afloat by idle tongues. I would have expected her to be the first to defend her, or at least the last to condemn.

There are times when men and women who strive to lead worthy lives are obliged to speak words of warning to near friends regarding unworthy associates. It is a kindness to inform our friends when there is moral typhus in their midst. It is right that they should tell us when we are unconsciously harboring small-pox in our circle.

But the woman who is ever ready to point at the

healed scar upon the person of friend and stranger I have come to suspect as hiding worse scars upon her own moral nature.

BOARDING SCHOOL.

The girl who has a wise, broad-minded, sympathetic mother had better remain away from boarding school. But there are more good schools than good mothers in the land, I fear.

I do not think a more unwise action can be made by parents than sending a young girl from the country to a city school. Yet it is done every year by thousands of devoted parents, who make painful sacrifices to enable them to carry out this cherished desire.

The young girl who goes through the first year of such a school and is not rendered restless, uneasy and unfitted for the practical duties of life which usually lie before country-bred girls, is a model of good sense, or a born philosopher.

The very sights and sounds of city life are distracting and exciting to the girl who is not accustomed to them; the crunching of carriage wheels on a gravel driveway, the fashionably attired women, the gossip in the air about balls and theaters, which the day scholars bring, is not at all conducive of good scholarship.

If a boarding school is to be selected, as necessity

marriage and the adventures which preceded.

A girl like this ought to be treated very gently and with affection. She ought to be wisely taught and entertained. She should pass many hours in active physical exercise. The gymnasium is far better for such a girl than the boarding school. She should have no idle hours, no confidences with strange companions, no hidden books to read until she has crossed the dangerous chasm which spans girlhood and womanhood.

I have known a girl who was a mere child in mind to be forced into a premature maturity by association with older and more experienced girls at boarding school. Where a number of young girls are thrown together constantly for companionship their conversation runs largely to love affairs. This young girl who had never passed through any heart experience, hearing so much upon the subject from her companions, felt called upon to contribute her share to the entertainment. To the amazement of her parents and teachers she developed a faculty for relating tales of love adventure wherein she figured as heroine. Investigation proved the stories utterly without foundation. It was one of the abnormal developments of boarding school life.

I do not think elopements from boarding schools are so frequent as elopements from homes. I again assert that good and wise teachers, few as they are, are more plenty than good and wise parents.

I wish we could have a training school for parents—a school where the physical and moral nature of the young girl and boy should be discussed, and where the imperative duty of watching over this physical and moral nature should be impressed upon the mind of every woman and man before they were allowed to procure a marriage certificate. This would be a far better thing for the world at large than the boarding school.

The lack of such training for parents causes more harm and mischief to go on under their eyes, than is possible in the average well ordered boarding school.

So stupid are parents in regard to their own children that those whom I most desire to reach by this article will read it without a suspicion that it can apply to them; while many a young girl of whom I have never heard will feel her cheeks tingle and will wonder how I knew her secret.

A few years ago some friends of mine were preparing to send a beautiful young girl of 15 away to school.

The girl was prematurely developed in heart and body, and of the voluptuous type so attractive to men. I asked her mother if she felt perfectly secure regarding the associates of her daughter at school.

"Oh, Mary is such an innocent minded creature I can trust her anywhere," the mother replied, proudly. "She is really the most innocent child I ever saw for a girl of her age. I think she will develop very late. I want to keep her a little girl as long as possible, so I have not disturbed her mind with any premature confidences."

Now, to my absolute knowledge, gained by accident, I knew this young girl to be a woman in her emotions; and already had she passed through embryo adventures with the opposite sex which had aroused her curiosity as to what constituted her charm over men and stirred her woman's vanity. The innocence of her mind was disturbed by her unfolding emotions and her Eve-like desire for greater knowledge. Never did a young girl so need a mother's sympathy and counsel as this one. I often wonder why God permits a woman like that to become a mother. To send such a girl away to boarding school was dangerous no doubt, yet hardly as dangerous as leaving her under the care of such a blind mother.

I know a brilliant lawyer who was a wild boy in his youth. He was forever in trouble of some kind with the fair sex and finally married a girl who ran away from school to become his wife. They are the parents of several children, the eldest a handsome, dark-eyed girl who inherits her father's love of adventure. She is only 15, but has already passed through a series of love affairs, known to all her friends and commented upon by strangers, but the criminally blind parents are ignorant of all this. No one dares tell them that almost daily on her way to and from the village school, their daughter sees and talks to and receives notes from young men, and, utterly forgetting their own hazardous past, both father and mother imagine their daughter to be an innocent child in mind.

It might prove to be a moral salvation of this girl to send her away to a good boarding school if the right woman presided over it. She is not vicious—she is merely full of animal spirits and precocious feminine instincts.

Hundreds of young American girls are like her, and hundreds of stupid American parents fail to see the necessity and duty of guarding such girls.

If by accident they do discover the truth about their daughters, they straightway shut them up, treat them harshly and denounce them as vicious minded. The father and mother I mention would no doubt do the same, forgetting their own runaway

marriage and the adventures which preceded.

A girl like this ought to be treated very gently and with affection. She ought to be wisely taught and entertained. She should pass many hours in active physical exercise. The gymnasium is far better for such a girl than the boarding school. She should have no idle hours, no confidences with strange companions, no hidden books to read until she has crossed the dangerous chasm which spans girlhood and womanhood.

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IS THE MODERN GIRL VIRTUOUS?

I can picture the indignant consternation of the modern girl as she reads the subject text of this article: "Is the modern girl virtuous?" But she does not know, as I know, how much this question is discussed among men. She does not realize that young men have a strange misconception of her; and that the common belief of the day is that the modern girl is more lax in her estimate of what constitutes pure womanhood than the girl of a score of years ago. Such being the facts, a careful analysis of the causes which lead to this belief in the minds of men seems timely.

To me it is evident that the American girl grows constantly more reserved and prudent with every year.

That men should hold an opposite opinion is due to three causes: First, our intimacy with and aping after foreign countries; second, the contagion of the chaperoning system; third, the increased knowledge of herself possessed by the woman of to-day. In our close neighboring with foreign lands we have to a remarkable degree become imbued with their prejudices. Our American eagle screams as loud as

ever, but his scream of late years has taken on a foreign accent.

Because the American girl is the only girl on earth who is allowed independence and freedom of conduct, our men and our cynical Anglo-maniac women are beginning to question her use of that independence.

A foreigner said to me one day: "I have about made up my mind that the man who marries an American girl must be one of three things: indifferent, trusting or a fool."

I asked him to explain himself.

"Because he knows absolutely *nothing* of the girl he marries," the foreigner replied. "The customs of your country render it impossible for him to know whether he is marrying a virtuous girl or otherwise. He must, therefore, be indifferent on that subject, blindly trusting, or a fool."

"Since you foreigners are madly infatuated with American girls, you are calling your own countrymen names," I answered. "You seem to prefer the doubtful American girl to your own country's models of virtue."

"True, quite true," he said. "The American girl is the most charming, interesting, alluring and entertaining girl on the face of the earth; but I insist that her virtue is necessarily a doubtful matter, owing to the dangerous freedom of her early life."

I demanded a further explanation of this startling assertion, and the foreigner continued:

"I have an acquaintance who is a gay and handsome young bachelor. He lives in the suburbs of one of your large cities. Each morning he goes to attend his business affairs. The train he takes is half filled with young school-girls, from twelve to sixteen years of age, who belong to the best families of the suburban towns, and who attend the city schools, returning home in the afternoon. They are unattended by maid or chaperon, after the prevailing custom of your country, and their parents have implicit confidence in the good behavior of these girls. American mothers must have led very innocent lives to trust their daughters as they do. My friend made the acquaintance of several of these young girls during his daily half-hour ride, and he confided to me the fact that two very beautiful girls about sixteen years old had consented to take luncheon and attend a *matinée* one day. He asked me to meet them at a certain restaurant and act as escort for one of the girls. I was quite willing to do so, and must confess I passed a very charming afternoon. The girls were amazingly witty and entertaining, and treated us like old friends. They returned home at the usual hour, and their parents were never the wiser for this little escapade. One of them was married last year, and is a social leader to-day. Her husband, of course, knows nothing of her past. Now in no other country in the world could such a thing happen, and not at

once blast the reputation of the girl forever, and prevent any honest fellow from marrying her. Our girls in other countries are so carefully guarded that a man knows when he is getting a virtuous wife."

"And the woman knows she is getting the extreme opposite," I responded. "But from the frequency of famous divorce scandals in your country, and from the tenor of your novels, I fear the virtue does not continue after marriage. However, you have not proved these two American girls were lax in virtue—only lacking in judgment and discretion."

The foreigner shrugged his shoulders.

"Girls who would do what they did would do more," he said. "That is what I told my American friend, who seemed inclined to regard their conduct as the mere ebullition of youthful spirits. To me it seemed an exhibition of lax morals. My friend confessed he would not like to marry a girl who had committed such a folly."

"Many a girl may commit a worse folly than you have recounted and not lose her virtue," I replied, "and may make the best of wives afterward, and regret her early indiscretions as long as she lives; but there are hundreds and thousands of American girls who do not take unwise advantage of the liberty accorded them, and who are quite as innocent (though not as ignorant) as your convent and governess trained girls."

But the foreigner shook his head, "Women—young women, are not to be trusted with freedom," he said. "Any man is a fool who believes a girl perfectly virtuous reared in that way."

As this foreigner soon afterward went nearly mad at the rejection of his suit by an American girl, his criticisms do not amount to much. Still they show the influence of the foreign mind upon our own. Our American men are becoming inoculated with the same prejudices. Next to this comes our farce of a chaperoning system.

It is a curious fact that the manners of men toward women and their ideas of honor degenerate as woman surrounds herself with outside protections to her virtue. Before chaperons were thought of, the freedom of action of the American girl was considered a matter of course by men, and admired. Now that we make a pretense of chaperoning girls, men seize upon the least open departure from this pretense to accuse a girl of lax morals.

The foreign-born girl comes into the world expecting to be protected by conventionality. The American girl is born feeling herself able to protect herself, and eludes her easily eluded chaperon without much effort. The chaperon, who was a girl herself before chaperons were thought of, shuts her eyes and smiles at the whole thing as a huge joke; but the pretense is made, and this exposes the girls who do not assist in a similar pre-

tense to suspicions which could not have existed twenty years ago, when girls were expected to protect themselves from insult.

It is the system which has changed, not the girls.

Girls are not more lax in morals; far from it, but the conventionalities are more strict, making small digressions from good behavior seem larger. Men are by nature strictly conventional. They adore an outward pretense of observing the conventions, yet it is a curious fact that the most carefully chaperoned girl, perhaps, America ever produced has become the most notoriously lawless wife. There is an innate, inbred rebellion against unnecessary restraints and protection born in the American girl.

When a middle-aged man tells me girls are not as modest and pure as they were in his day, I long for the power to turn back the pages of his youth, and compel him to re-peruse some long-forgotten escapades with girls who are now respectable matrons. When a young man makes the statement, I wish he could read some turned-down leaves in the life of his mother, or the mother of his friends. There were just as many indiscreet acts and lapses from virtue committed by our grandmothers as are committed by the girls of to-day.

Every generation produces its few adventuresses and courtesans and its many sweet and noble women. The great balance is always on the side of the latter.

Another phase of the modern girl which the modern man finds it difficult to understand is her knowledge of herself.

Our grandmothers and mothers never confessed to the possession of bodies, and knew absolutely nothing about themselves physically.

But progress, common-sense, and physical culture have done away with the inanimate girl, and the growing freedom of thought renders the modern maiden fearless of speaking of herself as a harmonious human being, endowed with physical as well as mental and spiritual attributes.

It seems a difficult matter for men to realize that ignorance is not a necessary attribute to innocence.

A man likes a women to be ignorant of herself, that he may instruct her; yet after she has become his pupil he quite frequently loses interest in her. The girl who understands herself too well to become a pupil readily piques his interest, but arouses his suspicions. He cannot comprehend how she can understand herself so well and be an innocent girl. Ah, my dear young man, you may yet realize that the enlightened virtue of the modern girl is a far better article than the blind innocence of a decade or two ago! And did it ever occur to you that, be her faults what they may, she is quite good enough for you?

THE THREEFOLD GIRL.

It seems to be the prevalent idea among American parents that girls need only mental guidance in this age; that if the daughter of the family is only "given a chance" to study, and has her mind crammed with knowledge, her future is assured.

If you tell them that their daughter is a threefold being, with a moral and a physical nature which need careful guidance, they will assure you that Church influence and good companions surround her morally, and that, as she is endowed with excellent health, there is no anxiety about her physically.

In consequence of this one-idead and short-sighted influence of parents, we have a vast number of astonishingly well-educated girls—as far as book education goes—who are erratic, hysterical, ailing, and totally unfitted for the exigencies and demands of wifehood and maternity when these relations come to her.

Beside this, our daily papers teem with accounts of girls who stray away from home in moods of melancholy, or who permit themselves to be "kidnapped" by vicious people, or who conceive morbid

and unaccountable passions for coachmen and inferiors, or otherwise develop propensities as distressing as unexpected to their loving but blind parents. Were not such cases lamentably frequent I should not pen this article.

Man's moral and social relations to the world are such that we are liable to forget that he is an animal. Especially do we forget it in regard to young girls. While they roll in the sand and bake mud pies in the sun as children, and roar with hunger, we speak of them laughingly as "vigorous young animals." But when their swelling forms and blushing cheeks and drooping lids denote that the child is developing into the maiden, we forget and ignore the animal nature, and think of them as divine beings with growing minds.

Yet never was there a time in a girl's career when the animal nature needed such thought and careful direction by wise parents and guardians as during the few years which bridge childhood and womanhood. A young girl's time and mind should be fully occupied during these years. To simply crowd her brain with a multiplicity of studies will not do; there is an excess of physical vitality which must be considered. The air she breathes, the nourishment she imbibes, the sleep she takes are all combining to supply her with the magnetic and electric qualities which form the perfect woman. You note her expanding beauty, her increasing vivacity, and

you are delighted; but remember such changes do not take place without disturbed emotions and an excited imagination. Outdoor duties or games in the country, and gymnasium work, or the dancing school in the town, indulged in sufficiently to produce a pleasant fatigue, are a great promoter of balance and an outlet for this extra supply of vitality. Such exercise should be imposed with religious earnestness by all judicious parents. I believe the old-fashioned prejudice against dancing has been productive of more physical and moral disaster in the world than all the high kicking ever done in our theaters. I have known an hysterical girl, suffering from insomnia and all manner of nervous troubles, to become normal and strong, simply by dancing vigorously half an hour every evening before retiring.

"Oh, pshaw!" you say; "let Nature take her course. She will set matters right in her time."

My dear madam or sir, you should pause and analyze the meaning of your words. Your developing child is a growing animal, and to let Nature take her course would be inconsistent with the social and moral obligations resting upon her. Nature's impulses are the same from insects up to man; but man must govern impulse by reason and judgment unless he wishes to be only an animal, instead of the highest expression of the divine yet evolved from animal life.

Therefore, instead of "letting nature take its course," you must direct nature's impulses by wisdom and care into healthful channels.

Avert overwrought imaginations and excited nerves by a systematic course of exercise which produces thorough circulation of the blood.

Give her pleasures suitable to her age, and divert her mind from dwelling too much upon herself.

Let her be fatigued enough to sleep when she retires, and see to it that she gets up as soon as she awakens.

"Nothing gives my daughter such pleasure as to lie and dream," said a blind mother to me once. "She is no hand for outdoor romps, like other girls; just give her a book and a lounge and she will be happy all day long."

But let me beg of you to be alert and avoid allowing your daughter to form this habit of languorous day-dreams. It is more fascinating than any outdoor sport, once formed, and more enervating than the hardest labor. Many a weakly woman might trace her ailments back to this period of luxurious imagination in her youth's dawn.

I do not mean by this that your daughter is indulging in depraved thoughts. She is very likely too innocent to know what depravity is; but she is at a time of life when she needs gaurding against even an innocent imagination, which left to itself may easily become diseased.

"But I never recollect any such dangerous period in my life, or any such diseased imagination," you tell me. Quite likely. Girls of the olden time were not brought up in such ease and luxury as are the girls of to-day. Household duties and the care of younger children devolved upon the daughters of the household instead of upon servants and nursemaids, as in the present time. Then, too, you may have been one of the exceptions to the rule; but remember that it is unsafe to expect your daughter to be exactly like you. She has a paternal inheritance. Many a calm, practical mother forgets that the father's fiery or poetic nature may of right descend to her daughter, and that it needs a more careful guarding than did her own. And the strangest thing of all is that the father forgets or ignores this also. It is well to keep the fact before his eyes.

It is well to make him realize that a certain amount of social amusement, where games and dancing predominate, among carefully selected companions is a necessity to the physical and moral well being of his daughter. Call his attention to the fact that a tightly closed vessel of boiling steam explodes and causes devastation and destruction if it has no outlet. A human being developing into vigorous maturity is like this vessel, and the outlet for a portion of the surging vital forces should be made in healthful pleasures and amusements.

When your daughter reaches the age of twelve years at latest you should instruct her that it is not modest to allow gentlemen guests and friends to take her upon their knees and caress her. Let no false idea of keeping her "a child as long as possible" render you careless in this matter. And do not make the foolish blunder of thinking that all your men friends are "perfect gentlemen," who could not entertain an unworthy thought toward your daughter.

In your quiet domestic *rôle* you know very little of what is going on in the minds of most men. You think of your twelve-year-old daughter as a child—they think of the woman she is soon to be. Their thoughts and feelings are contagious. One of the most carefully reared and severely chaperoned girls I ever knew told me that her first knowledge of evil came to her at the age of thirteen through a lifelong friend of her family—a man old enough to be her grandfather, and a man occupying a high social position. While she was not allowed to associate with boys of her own age, she was permitted to receive the caresses of this "fine old family friend," until her own modesty gave the alarm. You can instill an idea of dignity and womanly reserve into your little daughter's mind about these matters without destroying her innocence; but even if you must startle her somewhat out of her childlike ignorance and freedom of conduct, it is better that

the experience should come through you than through the men who frequent your house.

Make yourself her confidante, that she may avoid revealing herself in ignorance to dangerous companions of either sex. You tell me with great dignity and some severity that "your daughter is not allowed to associate with dangerous companions of either sex; that you know her mates thoroughly, and they are exceptional young people." My dear madame, your words are empty air. You know no more of the secret thoughts and feelings of your daughter's mates than you know of the man in Mars.

You might be startled and shocked should they think aloud in your presence once. They are not vicious, but they are in the unformed chaotic state of which I am trying to warn you in regard to your own daughter, and their mingled curiosity, ignorance, and dawning knowledge render them unsafe confidantes for one another unless there is a sympathetic, wise counsellor back of them.

Again your dignity asserts itself, and you tell me your daughter has no curiosity on forbidden subjects, and no dawning knowledge, and no dangerous impulses. Then, dear madame, your daughter is not a normal being. She is not in good health; she is an anæmic. To build her into a woman fitted for domestic duties she needs iron tonics and blood foods.

The world will be much better off when we get

over the romantic idea that a young girl is an angelic creature who communes with seraphs in the privacy of her room, and who is to be guarded to the very altar steps from any knowledge of evil. Such girls sometimes exist, but they are not normal beings, and they do not make good wives and mothers.

And, again, girls who have shown what you would term a precocious tendency to vicious thought, have, when properly guarded and guided over the dangerous chasm, made ideal wives and the most perfect mothers later in life.

The wise mother when discovering this tendency in a young girl, does not strive to scold, punish, and shame her into reform; she does not say to her: "This is a poison weed; root it out of your mind at once; pray to God to aid you in casting out this noxious weed." Instead she says: "This is the root of a beautiful vine, God-implanted, which by and by will make your life sweet and fair; but if you misuse it now it will be dwarfed and hideous; think of it with reverence, and pray God to guide it wisely in its growth." Then she gives her plenty of healthful books to read and enough study, and occupies all her time with physical exercise mingled with agreeable companionship, until nature has accomplished its revolutionary work and the chaotic period has passed and the girl is a woman.

But alas! and alas! for the scarcity of such mothers.

The average American girl dwells alone with her imagination and the confidences of equally unwise companions through these years, exposed to all the dangerous freedom of association which the flapping of our American eagle proclaim to all the world to be her right.

If she goes wrong in ever so slight a measure her parents are crushed to the earth by surprise and sorrow; but that she ever goes right is an increasing wonder to me the more I see of the world and the deeper I study human nature. Indeed, it speaks well for the level head and the good heart of the American girl that so few, comparatively speaking, make serious mistakes; but this is due to her own innate worth and not to the wisdom of her parents.

THE FALLEN MAN AND WOMAN.

The settled impression of the world seems to be that the erring woman is always crushed under her own shame and the scorn of mankind, while the erring man goes free, favored by woman and admired by his own sex.

Authors, preachers, poets, and orators unanimously express the opinion that woman once fallen from her high and chaste pedestal is never allowed to rise, while man escapes all punishment for a similar sin.

I have read many books wherein fallen women have figured, and I never yet read one which allowed her any future save death or the convent. If the male sinner of the same kind receives any punishment at the hands of the novelist, it is after a long and successful career of pleasure and prosperity, and is usually a sudden death in a railroad disaster.

All this, of course, so far as the woman goes, is an excellent warning to good young girls; but is it fair to the many women who have already made one misstep; and is it moral reading for the male young person?

It certainly is not true to the life of to-day. Take any community of ten thousand inhabitants, look closely into the lives of those people who form its "best society," and you will find women who have erred and lived down their errors, and men who have suffered for their sins.

While my sincere sympathy must ever go with the woman in these matters, since, by nature, on her falls the greater penalties, yet observation and a sense of justice has compelled me to modify former sweeping assertions, which I, like the world at large, have made upon the subject of relative immoralities of the sexes.

No just and thinking person can reside ten years in a large city, or move about among people, and not acknowledge the fallacy of the idea that one error debars a women forever from association with respectable society. While he who has any faculty for inspiring confidence or any ability to read human nature must learn that men suffer far more for their sins than the world at large imagine.

A young man of my acquaintance lost the girl he dearly loved by having his name associated with an immoral affair, wherein he was really guiltless of any sin.

Both were intimate friends of mine; and I witnessed the agony and despair of the man during many months. The fact that he had associated with the immoral people who caused the scandal served, at least in this one case, to damage the man as great-

ly as it would have damaged his *fiancée*. He has since married another woman, and is a prosperous citizen. It will be urged by sentimentalists that had it been a women whose reputation was thus marred, no future marriage and success could have been possible. But this is true only in story books or in cases where the woman is peculiarly sensitive, and whose nature and environment shuts her away from distraction and the possibilities of a new life.

Some years ago, a young girl, dwelling in a town not many hours from the metropolis of America, was wooed—seemingly with honorable motives—by a man of high social position and of great personal attraction; but by and by the young man disappeared, leaving a brand upon the brow of the poor girl. She was taken away, and years of bitter sorrow, sharp agony, and blinding remorse for her and hers followed. The man, in the meantime, married a lady to whom he had long been affianced; but when, one day, accident brought to the knowledge of the young wife the base action of her husband during their betrothal, she left him, taking with her the child he worshiped. Deserted and disgraced, this man surely tasted some of the bitter dregs of sin. Meanwhile the wronged girl married, and is a respected wife to-day.

This is a woman's century; and in the light which it casts upon her pathway she finds that she, as well as man, can progress up and out of error. In all ages has she sometimes fallen! but never before has she

been allowed to rise. It is undoubtedly more difficult for her to live down past folly than for her brother man, unless she is endowed with a certain *aplomb*, which belongs to the adventuress type of woman.

We speak of all erring women under one category; but they differ as widely as the falling stars differ.

There are girls who go wrong because they have no one to show them how to go right; girls who are housed up like nuns, yet without a nun's occupations or devotions, and who finally break through the false restrictions surrounding their lives as pent-up rivers break through a dam.

Again, others, whose too licensed freedom of action, together with inherited tendencies, lead to their downfall—tendencies which properly directed might have proved the anchor for a happy home; many fall through ignorance and curiosity; more through moral viciousness and avarice, mixed with vanity. Hundreds through the starvation prices paid for labor by rich corporations; and a few, a very few, through misplaced love.

It is the mercenary and vicious sinner who becomes most widely known to the world, and who most frequently poses as a victim of man's perfidy. But the woman who really deserves our deepest sympathies for having been blinded by her love and led into sin, bears her sorrow and shame in silence, and never appeals to the public for sympathy. In olden times such an error was supposed to end a woman's career

forever; but, I repeat, if we investigate the lives of society people in any city to-day, we find among its ranks women who have lived down serious follies.

In a Western town, famous once upon a time for its beautiful girls, two young women vied with each other for the palm of belleship. Both were beautiful and bright; one was weak, sweet, and full of affection; the other ambitious, mercenary, and designing. The sweet, weak girl was led into disgrace, and her name became a by-word in her own town. The other married a rich man, ran through his fortune in two years, deserted him, and entered upon a life of adventure, which for years was a record of gilded vice and folly. Finally, tiring of this life, she was received by her husband, whose restored fortunes made a reconciliation seem desirable to her. She moves in excellent society to-day, entertains, and is admired by a large circle of friends. If you are inclined to say this is a shocking state of affairs, you must pause and consider how many husbands have been received back by their wives and society after leading an abandoned life for years, and we must not begrudge this woman the charity and forgiveness bestowed so freely on man. Her early rival, after years of repentance and sorrow for her past, married a noble and wealthy man, removed to a distant city, where she is beloved and respected at the present time.

I could multiply these histories by the score, speaking only from positive knowledge of facts.

It may be urged that the recital of such cases will have a pernicious effect upon young girls, that they will discourage good women and encourage the viciously inclined. I do not believe there is a girl in the land who would consciously or willingly face the career of either of these women. I believe any good woman, however lonely and unloved, would shrink from exchanging lives with them.

Out of the palace of love and peace they must often be led into the inquisition chamber of memory. When a woman once loves, the recollection of past familiarities, however slight, with other lovers becomes a source of regret to her; how much keener must this regret be to her when memory brings past shame to view; for, to woman love ever brings a desire of self-immolation and soul-surrender impossible to a masculine nature. Alas, for the woman between whom and this sacrament of surrender stands memory with a lifted sword! This is eternal punishment which she must suffer, however lenient and forgiving the world may be.

Woman has ever been man's teacher. For centuries she has taught him to believe that he must plunge into all kinds of excesses and immoralities to be attractive to her, and as reward he should take a spotless creature to wife, and if he reformed after marriage he should be canonized. But, during the last century she has begun to teach him that self-restraint is quite as possible for him as for her; and slowly but

surely is man coming to realize that he must not demand so much and give so little in the way of morals. Whatever the cynic may say to the contrary, a higher and broader idea of morality and justice is taking hold of the minds of men.

Conscience in these matters is almost a matter of education. Woman has educated her own conscience to a morbid degree upon the subject, while she has allowed man's to remain dormant. This has been greatly because while man's teacher, she has yet been his slave, dependent upon him for the very necessities of life. Now, that she is becoming his companion, comrade, and helpmeet, his mate, mentally and physically, she has begun to make him realize that he must be *her* mate morally.

It is not to be wondered at, therefore, that at present only the exceptionally refined man suffers in any degree from the pangs of conscience, for his immoralities; but he certainly suffers in many other ways. I have known a man to lose his position in the business world, his social standing, and to be expelled from his club as the result of a fall from virtue. His wife obtained a divorce, and took her children to his mother's home. He married the girl who had been the cause of his fall, and the two lived a life of absolute social ostracism in their native city. He died in the prime of life, a victim of remorse; and even his own family refused to attend his funeral.

It is a strange fact that a woman who has retired

from the lists of folly into the shelter of a respectable home, is seldom molested by her former male comrades in sin; while the man who attempts to reform and become a loyal husband is almost invariably persecuted or tempted by the women who have participated in his past.

I never heard of but one man who was base enough to attempt to destroy the marital happiness of a reformed woman. She shot him dead, and the verdict was, "Served him right!" But the cases are innumerable where women attempt to lure married men back to their old follies and to destroy the wife's peace. And when such cases come into court the molesting woman has the sympathy of judge and jury, especially if she weeps copiously. Certainly, in this respect, the reformed woman has the easier time of it. Of course we must make the allowance for the woman having been wronged in the beginning; yet the girl who falls through blind love is not the one who revenges herself upon an innocent wife afterward. It is rather the act of the balked adventuress cheated of her golden prize.

There are scores of men to-day all about us who are being slowly tortured by the demand for hush money to hide some old sin—men, who never open the morning paper without a chill of apprehension, and who never hear the bell ring without a quiver of the nerves. Men who seek political laurels can testify to my words. Yet those who know of the stain upon the

honor of these men say: "Behold the injustice of the world, which metes out no punishment to erring man!"

There are hundreds of men who suffer year after year the tortures of disease, conscious that they are reaping what they have sown. God is not so great a respecter of sex as the world at large supposes; and men are punished more frequently and thoroughly for their sins than is imagined by those who see only the surface of life.

There is a spiritual wave sweeping over the world which will compel men to suffer more and more for their sins, just as there is a growing liberalism of thought which compels the public to give woman a chance to live down her mistakes. Slowly, but surely the world is coming to the knowledge that there is no sex in sin, and that a universal standard of morality must be adopted for men and women, and that the mantle of charity must be stretched out wide enough to cover the fallen woman as well as the fallen man.

STAND BY YOUR SEX.

"When there is a scandal about some woman I will always stand by her and blame the man," said a most estimable lady to me recently. "My sympathies always rest with her."

Not long ago a worthy woman expressed a similar sentiment to a representative of the press.

"I always stand by my own sex," she said.

This is all very noble in a way, no doubt, but none of us ought to stand by the woman who feeds her husband on ground glass, or murders him in his sleep, it seems to me.

The unmarried girl who first brings scandal upon herself is the one who invariably needs our sympathy rather than the man, unless it be a case of the over ripe girl, and the green unsophisticated boy. Whatever her boldness or folly, his superior knowledge of human nature and the world should constitute him her protector.

But the married society woman who forgets herself is quite another being.

In this age of woman's progress man is the weaker sex when tempted by the enlightened Eve.

The married society belle knows exactly what she

is about when she tempts and teases his emotions. She knows where safe and respectful admiration ceases and the desire for possession begins. If the love of conquest and excitement urges her on to play with fire until she is burned, it does not seem to me that she merits our profound sympathy. It is better bestowed upon the husband whose name is dragged into the mire, and upon the defenseless children, who were forgotten in their mother's love of conquest.

I have a theory that a really strong man is never cursed by a faithless wife.

A young husband who killed his wife's lover wired home to her parents, "Bessie is vindicated." The tragedy becomes a farce, when the man whom a vain, selfish wife has forced to become a murderer, talks about "vindicating her."

No wife is obliged to receive compromising attentions. It is difficult to understand why she is not quite as culpable as the lover in the case when she encourages these attentions until they bring disaster.

But it is the cause which leads to this sort of crime which needs attacking rather than the people who become its victims.

The beautiful daughter of wealth who is allowed to do everything she wants to do, to have everything her fancy craves, to never know a wish ungratified, and whose parents and friends pride them-

selves on the fact that she is care free and possessed of every blessing life can offer—this sort of a girl is just the one who as a wife will think herself entitled to the admiration she craves, no matter what people say about it. Never having been taught the beauty of self-denial in any way how can her parents expect her to deny herself this most fascinating amusement? Never having taught her to use will power or self-control, how can they expect her to develop it after marriage? Having been allowed a constant change of pleasures all her life, how can they expect her to be satisfied without a variety of lovers and admirers?

Quite different is the case of the romantic, admired girl, who finds herself transformed into the neglected wife of an indifferent husband. He is engrossed in business and club life, and the brief time he passes at home is spent in sleep or fault finding.

He is considered a "good fellow" among men, but he is niggardly in money matters with his wife, and entirely omits the small attentions and courtesies so dear to a refined woman.

After years of this heart famine a thoughtful, sympathetic friend comes into her life. His delicate compliments sound like the lost chord to her woman's heart. She had thought there was no use in trying to look pretty since no one noticed her appearance. There was no use in keeping up

her music, since no one cared to hear her play. But she looks in the mirror with a flush of pleasure now because her husband's friend has said her eyes are just the color of English violets, and she turns to her music with delight because he said her voice soothed and rested him.

It is all so easy to drift down stream after that with no thought of evil until caught by the fatal maelstrom of human emotion.

Oh, the pity of it all! Let us save our sympathy which would be poorly bestowed upon the selfish daughter of wealth and fashion, who seeks a new diversion in flirtation, and give it to the tried and sorely tempted, lonely wife of the faithless or indifferent husband who forgot his marriage vows with the waning of the honeymoon and left his wife to find diversion as she might. Such as she need the pity of men, women and angels.

IS SOCIETY CORRUPT?

It is only the rustic, the dyspeptic, or the declasse man or woman who is forever talking of the "corruption" of society. Many excellent people, whose lives have been passed entirely in rural places, imagine the society of large towns to be a hotbed of immorality and godlessness.

People who have striven vainly for social place and failed to find the open sesame, are often loud in their denunciation of the successful, and are wont to compare society to a whited sepulcher. But the cosmopolitan, observant being, with a good circulation, knows that human nature is the same the world over, and that everywhere is the same mixture of good and evil.

During a month I once passed in a remote and sparsely settled country place, I heard of more immoral actions among the quiet denizens than I had heard in two years in the largest city of America. Yet should one take the trouble to select at random, in the most respectable part of the city, the same number of human beings, it is wholly probable that an equal number of equally immoral, if less vulgar actions could be recounted.

The whirl and rush of city life seems alike unconducive to great thoughts and small gossip, but the morals of the people are very much the same mixture of good and bad in all civilized communities.

The repression of country life as often brings latent propensities for evil to the surface, as the temptations of city life. One of our smaller towns has been prolific in the product of adventurous women, who have achieved notoriety in the divorce courts; and it is a curious fact that few of the great adventuresses of the world's history were born or bred in large cities. But, whether in town or country place, he who seeks shall find that which he seeks.

The man or woman who sets forth on a quest of evil is sure to find it. Early in life, I realized that there was more pleasure to be derived from observing good than evil, and consequently sought and found it existing in abundance about me.

It is the crude idea of the youthful mind that the world is divided into two armies—the good and the bad—one clothed in darkness upon the left, one in garments of light upon the right, and in deadly opposition to each other. As we mix with the world this illusion vanishes, for we find the two armies clothed in the same habiliments, mixing together amicably, and the deadly battles are fought, silently and out of sight in each human heart, between right and wrong.

A great native virtue, planted too generously in a human heart, and deprived of careful cultivation, often degenerates into a rank vice; and the world not infrequently mistakes a sterile and inactive nature for one of great chastity and self-denial. The summer sunlight is beautiful and beneficent, but it is as prone to produce bugs as butterflies, weeds as ferns, while the winter sun produces neither. Yet the summer sunlight is of more use to us than winter's chill rays, despite the bugs and weeds. A wise gardener, uproots the one, and kills the mischievous insects.

There is no more godliness in negative goodness than there is heat in winter sunlight, which does not produce bugs, or weeds, simply because it has not power enough to warm anything into being, and not from an inherent objection to weeds and bugs.

Absolute virtue is that which seethes with active impulses and is forced by will and reason into unselfish channels.

The worst man I ever knew had no vice. He attended church, broke no commandment, indulged in no excesses. Yet he nagged his wife and children to the grave, and destroyed every flower of pleasure which sprung up by his hearthstone, and ruined the tender young lives about him with the unceasing tempers of a household tyrant and petty demon.

Disagreeable tempers and uncontrolled nervous

tendencies ruin more homes than drink or vice. A fault-finding, or sarcastic tongue in a family circle, drives more men and women to evil than original sin. A lady said to me once: "I demand good manners before good morals from my acquaintances. Bad morals can be hidden, bad manners cannot."

I think I would demand good motives first of all, since good morals would of necessity ensue; and he whose motives were truly good must, too, desire not to give offense by bad manners, and so all three virtues would be his.

Were I to select the one good quality which is most indispensable to me in an intimate friend, I would without hesitation say, sincerity. No matter if she be bright, gifted, refined, amiable, and witty, full of appreciation and affection, yet an insurmountable wall stands between my heart and hers if she be not sincere in small matters and in great.

"Come and see me soon," I said to a friend one day, who stepped off a car as I stepped on.

"Yes, to-morrow, or next day," she replied.

In consequence I stayed indoors during both days, missing a drive, and a luncheon, which I declined, because I felt that my share in the engagement necessitated my remaining at home during the specified forty-eight hours.

She did not come, nor did she send an apology.

She had spoken from the lips only, and she had supposed my invitation was a purely polite one, which would be satisfied with a speedy promise and tardy fulfillment. But a fine code of honor in these small matters permits no carelessness of invitation or reply.

If I say to a friend in passing, "Come around and see me to-morrow," it is my duty to remain at home during that day, or to send word if obliged to go out. We have no right to say these things on impulse, and then waive the responsibility they incur. It savors of moral worthlessness and irresponsibility.

I once knew a gentleman who was prone to make cordial speeches to people in whom he really felt no interest. In a public conveyance, one Saturday morning, he encountered an acquaintance from a neighboring city, who was journeying to another State in company with his wife. Now, my friend had but a slight acquaintance with the couple, and really felt no especial regard for them; but with an effusive air, he smiled, and said: "I wish you were not obliged to hasten on your way, we should be delighted to have you stay over Sunday with us." To his utter amazement the couple conferred together and accepted his invitation with thanks.

When he arrived home with his encumbrances he found that his wife had given the servant a holiday, and that the presence of these almost strangers

would utterly spoil the pleasure of the Sunday dinner to which she had invited a few intimate friends, on the day before.

"What on earth made you ask those people to come home with you?" cried the wife in despairing tones.

"Because I never dreamed they would accept," explained the husband.

Alas, too many invitations are given because the people are not expected to accept!

I wish the expanding minds of children could be inoculated with the vast importance of sincerity in speech and action. I wish they could be indelibly impressed with the idea that to make ever so small a promise, or to give ever so casual an invitation, for the sake of creating a pleasant impression upon the recipient, is as reprehensible as passing spurious coin.

Morals are matters requiring several generations to rectify, and human beings grow moral, in tendency with every century. The passions of men and women, are vast emotions, which only the Creator and time can control and improve. The most strictly educated and carefully trained men and women sometimes become most immoral in after life, and in our search for good, whether in our own hearts, or our neighbors, we are constantly surprised by stumbling upon hidden propensities for evil. We are all working out toward something

higher. But, as we go, we might help the growing generation by teaching it to be sincere above all things, and strictly accurate in keeping its word.

FOREIGN IMPUDENCE IN AMERICA.

During the recent social season I have met in the parlors of cultivated American gentlemen three foreigners, who have aroused in me all the war-like spirit which my ancestors must have felt during the revolution. While naturally of a peace-loving disposition, and with a general interest in humanity, which causes me to ignore national peculiarities, or traits, I have, in meeting and talking with these three foreigners, felt a strong desire to see them borne away in the talons of the American eagle, to make food for his young; or quietly folded away in the stars and stripes and left in the branches of some lone tree upon the plains for vultures to gnaw.

In case either of these methods were not practicable, or successful, I would have been willing to see some American pugilist dispose of the foreigners, to the best of his professional ability, and incapacitate them from further insolence and exhibitions of bad breeding.

One of these persons was an Englishwoman, one was an Englishman, and the third a Cuban. These three people, who are visiting in New York and

who have been kindly treated, entertained and feasted, in the homes of American men of culture and refinement, have each one separately expressed themselves, on several occasions within my hearing, in a manner most insulting to their hosts.

"I like American ladies very much, indeed, but I am disappointed in American men. They are not equal to the ladies—oh, dear, no!" I heard the Englishwoman say, in the presence of a dozen wives of American men.

Several of the ladies smiled, bowed, and seemed to imagine that Madame John Bull had been complimenting them highly. One or two flushed with indignation, and realized that their husbands had been insulted, but one only, dared express herself to that effect.

A young, exceedingly ill-favored and poor specimen of an Englishman, who had been fourteen days in New York, was introduced to me by his host, one of the most cultivated and agreeable men in New York. Before the host had left us, this callow youth hastened to tell me that "he thought New York ladies really quite charming—but, aw, deah! your men, you know, are awfully behind ours—nowhere neah the equal of the ladies—don't like the American men at all."

"I fear you have been unfortunate in the class of men you have met," I suggested.

"Oh, no—have met the best you have in New York, but not one I liked."

"You must suffer from poor taste," then, I replied, feeling a desire to box his ears and send him home to his governess for better training.

"No, my taste is all right, I think," he continued; "and really they are awfully disappointing, the American men. Don't you think so!"

"As I married an American, it ought to indicate to you that I think them charming," I replied. "And to be frank with you, since you invite frankness, I have never seen a foreign man who, in my most romantic or susceptible days, could have done more than amuse me. I can not imagine loving any man but an American. Then, too, a foreign husband is an expensive luxury, you know, for an American lady."

I left the sapling without an apology, but ten minutes later I heard him repeating the identical remarks he had made to me to a bevy of ladies, one of whom was the daughter of his host.

The next week I heard of him in the hat and cloak room at a crush reception given in honor of a young society dèbutante.

As is frequently the case in overcrowded receptions, there was more or less difficulty in regard to finding hats, and great-coats. The hundreds of American gentlemen present bore their discomfiture, inconvenience, and occasional losses, with good-natured composure. If their hats and coats were never found, they knew they could buy others. But, high above the hum of the reception, rose the shrill accents of

the young Englishman. "I want my hat—I say I want my hat—I never saw such a beastly way of doing things—waiter, why don't you find my hat?" Uncertain of his success of winning an American heiress, I suppose the poor fellow was concerned in regard to the purchase of another tile. He was the subject of general amused disgust among all the American gentlemen in the hat room. Yet, a few evenings later I heard him "saying his little piece" regarding the inferiority of American men to another hostess.

I am quite as indignant toward the hostesses who permit these remarks to pass unrebuked as I am to the perpetrator of them.

How is it that an American wife or daughter can accept a compliment to herself which reflects upon her husband or father?

A compliment of this sort is the worst kind of insult.

"I hear you are greatly your husband's superior." said a would be admirer—an Englishman—one day to a lady upon whom he was calling for the first time.

"Indeed? Well, you have been misinformed. And, will you kindly, and quickly place yourself outside the door of my husband's house—before I call a servant to put you out?" was the lady's unexpected reply. "I can not remain in the presence of any one who speaks disrespectfully of my husband."

The man went, and was cut dead by the lady from that hour.

This is the only true spirit for a worthy American wife, sister, or mother. The men, whose names we bear—the men, whose hands, or brains toil for us, the men who would give their heart's blood to defend our honor, surely these are the men to whom we owe respect, and allegiance, and we should defend them in return from the slurs of foreign invaders of our social and domestic circles.

No compliment to ourselves should for a moment hide or excuse the insult to our fathers and husbands. Such compliments are but sugar coated poisons. Every right minded American should resent such speeches, and teach such foreigners, who come here, the good breeding that was neglected at home. The man who insults his host in a pretended compliment to his hostess should be shown to the door, and politely requested to make his adieux.

If our American men are guilty of such bad breeding when abroad, they deserve severe chastisement; but I doubt any American ever having so wantonly transgressed a law of common politeness, as I have myself witnessed done by three foreigners in New York this winter. I have heard similar remarks made by foreign visitors on previous occasions, for several years past, and I have felt my anger and disgust steadily on the increase, until it has reached the boiling-over point. I have even heard American women quoting and accenting these remarks; one of these ladies had been twice married—once to an

American who treated her with respect, and undying affection, once to a foreigner, who had abused, misused, and irretrievably wronged her.

The roughest American would know better, it seems to me, than to make uncomplimentary comments in the host's parlor, in hearing of his wife and daughter. If this is foreign politeness and culture, let us not emulate it.

MODERN CYNICS.

Cynicism seems to be the order of the day. Young people, especially, seem to think it an evidence of "good form" to be distrustful and blasé. Budding débutantes pride themselves on what they call a "thorough knowledge of the world," and declare that all men are base and women friends are jealous foes to be regarded with suspicion. Young boys moralize over the depravity of humanity, the falsity of woman in particular, and the folly of love or friendship.

Almost daily I meet in drawing-rooms some beardless youth who tells me life is a horrible bore, that society ennuies him, and that he has worn out all human emotion, and would give the world for a real sensation, which he never again hopes to experience.

Each of these youths imagines his remarks to be quite original, and looks to see his listener start with astonishment at such a prodigy of experience, or to melt with sympathy over such a victim of relentless fate.

Some very young girls grow sentimental over the cynical assumptions of these callow youths. Small

boys emulate them, and sensible men and women who think of them at all, despise or pity them for their lack of common-sense.

We can but wonder why this specimen of youth so persistently seeks the society that bores him. I have met him numerously at three afternoon teas in one day and again in the evening, everywhere posing as an emotionless stoic and hopeless ennuie. Frequently he makes vague references to a "sinful past" or to tragedies through which he has passed, only to issue a scarred and hopeless wreck. One is inclined to ask if his sins consisted of thefts from his mother's pantry—and if his tragedy was the accidental overturning of his crib at midnight.

All these nondescript creatures distrust woman, dislike humanity, and sneer at love and marriage. They are, of course, atheistical in their tendencies, and consider this life a sad mistake of Nature, which death will end. They pity you for entertaining any belief in a future existence, or sigh and say, "Dear me, how delightful it must be to have any such faith; quite refreshing, really, but, of course, wholly without reason!"

A somewhat mature specimen of this genus homo said to me recently, "I fancy it must be such a pleasure to believe in God and mankind, in love and goodness the way you do. No foundation, of course, for such belief exists, save in your poetic imagination, and I have great faith that you will

yet change your ideas, and believe in nothing at all."

I must confess at that moment, if I had not been able to see beyond this shadow of a man who stood before me, giving utterance to such rude and useless platitudes, that I might easily have believed in nothing at all, so excellent an illustration was he of nothingness.

There is no more painful object in life to me than the spectacle of a pessimistic youth or maid, devoid of the hopeful dreams, the bright outlook, the trusting confidence which naturally belong to early life.

Not many months ago I was questioned regarding my ideas of Santa Claus. Did I not think the illusion a cruel one, and the awakening painful? Should not this mythical being be abolished? I said, No; I recall the happiness the belief in Santa Claus gave me—I do not recall any succeeding misery. Let us keep our illusions while we may, and not awaken until we must. Too many parents nowadays seem desirous of tearing away the veil of illusions—or what they fear may become illusions—from their children's eyes.

To the young girl they say, "Do not expect happiness in love and marriage; there is little poetry and much humdrum practicality about it—you may as well know it soon as late." So, at the first shadow on the sunlight of her dreams, the girl is

prepared to believe that the end of happiness has arrived, and she makes no effort to rescue her ideal from complete destruction.

Were I the mother of a young daughter, I would say, "The world is mainly as you make it—people are, as a rule, what you believe them to be—and you receive from the world what you give to it. The greatest possible earthly happiness lies in a congenial marriage. Clouds may shadow your pathway at times, but the sunlight of love can dissipate them if it shines persistently and warmly enough."

It seems to me such utter bad breeding to go about the world scattering the seeds of distrust and skepticism. We get quite enough of these ideas in the novels of the day, without being obliged to hear these failure-breeding theories expressed in every parlor and drawing-room. I say "failure" breeding advisedly.

Almost without exception I have seen chronically inclined pessimistic people degenerate, or only achieve partial success in life, while the optimist, even less richly endowed by nature, reaches his goal more rapidly and achieves a more complete success, with the same amount of diligence only.

I believe the tendency of the world is strongly optimistic. Even the inanimate things of Nature are helpful and kind toward one another. The breeze and the bee aid the flowers to propagate and bloom. The sun assists more yearning germs to

grow up into beauty than all the tempests blight. There is a subtle law of love and progress behind it all which fills the universe like a vast golden tide.

Let any man, however great and gifted, say to himself, "The world is my natural enemy; all men's hands are lifted against me; I have no faith in friendship, or love, or human kindness, but I am ambitious, and I will succeed"—let that man toil as he may, his progress toward success will be retarded, because he swims against the natural current of the Universe. He who smiles and says, "The world is what we make it, friendship exists for those who deserve it, and love begets love," that man floats with the current, and all things assist him to his goal, however distant it may be.

He who refuses to believe in anything or anybody, and fancies that a cruel or selfish motive underlies each friendly overture, must bar his own pathway toward progress. Should the flowers close their petals against the overtures of the priest-like bee, distrustful of his sting, or against the wind, distrustful of his noise, the floral family would degenerate and become extinct.

Should all the hidden germs of trees and plants refuse to answer to the sun's call, fearing that his purpose was to destroy them by his scorching rays, how devoid of verdure the earth would become! When men refuse to believe in one another, how barren becomes existence!

Give me the exuberant over-confidence and egotism of youth, rather than the over careful and distrustful young cynic. The first will make friends and mistakes, he will confide in himself too easily, suffer in consequence, learn wisdom from the experience, and strength from the sorrow. He will taste the joys of true friendship, the pangs of misplaced faith, the rapture of love, and perhaps the agony of loss. He will scale the heights and descend to the depths of feeling and know what life means.

He will find hands held out to assist him, lips ready to praise him, eyes ready to smile upon him, for the joyous, confiding, and faithful nature attracts to itself its own attributes.

The young cynic, on the contrary, will make no friends and no progress. He will not fall, because he will not climb. He will not suffer from misplaced affections, because he will not love. He will spread gloom and depression wherever he goes, and, keeping on the level plains with careful feet, he will *exist,* but never *live.*

I wish we could introduce a professor or preceptress of optimism into every school in the world. I would rather see a child taught the science of loving humanity than all the dead languages or higher mathematics.

Why not introduce this branch of instruction into our nurseries and homes? It is sorely needed.

VANITY AND CONCEIT.

A sweet wife and mother said to me the other day: "When any one I know is rude or unkind to me, I am sorry for that person, but I do not take the act as personal. I attribute it to ill-health or lack of training; but I never permit myself to think that I can be hurt by it. When any one is kind or thoughtful, however, I take it as a personal compliment and mark of especial favor. I suppose it is a very egotistical way of looking at things, but I get a great deal of happiness out of my vanity. I go through life never feeling slighted or insulted or wounded, and am constantly delighted with the goodness and sweetness which people bestow upon me."

As I listened to the fair lady's words, it seemed to me that such vanity as hers was a most desirable quality to possess, and I wished there was more of it in the world.

I know another woman who made it a rule early in life to only notice other people's faults to avoid contracting them, and to carefully notice their graces and virtues in order to adopt them. "I was very desirous of pleasing," she said, "and I think

it was all due to personal vanity that I made this rule; but I found it a very comfortable one to follow, as well as a valuable one in the way of character building. But I know in the beginning it arose from my vanity and intense desire to be pleasing to everybody. I wanted to possess all the virtues and graces and none of the faults of the people I met. I have not acquired the first or avoided the latter, I realize now; but the rule I formed in early life has given me much happiness."

Again, it seemed to me that this sort of personal vanity and love of approbation was a most excellent vice to possess; and as I looked about among my women friends, I decided that a certain amount of vanity—so called by the unthinking critic—was necessary to the perfect development and rounding out of woman's most charming qualities, or the fullest attainment of their noblest ambitions.

I have met but few women who were wholly free from some phase of vanity, and those few women would have been better in many ways had they possessed a little of it.

It is to the female character what yeast is to bread. The noblest of virtues and the greatest talents are apt to lie hidden or undeveloped, without a drop of vanity to push them up into notice, just as the flour and milk and salt lie in a useless mass without the yeast-cake.

A belief in one's self is half the battle in any

effort. A profound belief in one's self, with a strong flavor of personal desire for success, which is called vanity by the world at large, will bring success with only ability (for these qualities lead to industry and perseverance) where absolute genius often fails because of an utter lack of self-confidence and an overwhelming humility.

It sounds very spiritual and fine in books to read of heroines who are devoid of vanity, and who never think of their own achievements in some chosen field —only of the work achieved. But in real life such women seldom attain great heights and always lack an indescribable charm, which belongs to woman as perfume belongs to flowers.

I do not believe it is wise for a woman to obliterate her personality in anything, whether art or love. Men appreciate a woman who makes them conscious of her personality far better than they do the patient Griselda, who gives all and expects nothing. The latter is never disappointed. She expects nothing and gets it—not even thanks for giving all; while the sweet little creature who wants to be loved, and makes herself lovable as well as loving, they are ready to praise and adore, though she be far enough from a patient Griselda.

Art is masculine in its attitude toward its worshipers. She who gives all and asks nothing usually gets a slap in the face.

The most unkind and cruel woman it has been

my misfortune to encounter told me she was absolutely indifferent to the opinion of her fellow-creatures. She had certain ideals she worshiped—she loved art for art's sake, and humanity was no more to her than the dirt of the streets. She cared neither for praise nor blame; she cared only for her ideals, which were far above the heads of the common herd. I suppose this was very fine talk, but it did not appeal to me somehow. I would have respected this ideal-worshiping woman more had she been possessed of enough personal vanity—even if she had no heart—to wish to please her fellow-beings and to avoid wounding them needlessly.

Of course, vanity running riot in a character ruins all its other qualities, just as too much yeast spoils the bread. I am not advocating a ridiculous display of self on all occasions; the vanity of which I speak is not selfishness at all. Indeed, it would curb selfishness, since the latter quality is one which brings censure instead of praise. But I am quite confident that a certain modicum of the vanity which springs from love of approbation is worthy of cultivating in a woman's nature, and properly weeded about and watched, will tend toward rendering her thoughtful of others and ambitious to make the most of herself and her brief life on this sphere; and that its entire absence is an absolute hindrance to development and success.

I heard a woman severely criticised once as vain

and egotistical because she said "I always thought my hat and dress was the prettiest in school when I was a child; my home and parents seemed nicer than those belonging to any other girl; and I have gone through life thinking anything which was mine possessed peculiar value. I am always astonished when I discover that other people do not feel the same about it."

How much less grumbling we should hear in the world if more people were vain in the same way! "Ally is so modest, she never thinks her possessions are of any value," said the mother of a fault-finding and ungrateful girl to me once. "No matter how much she covets a thing, if we get it for her it loses its value as soon as it is hers, she is so modest and humble."

Heaven defend us from humility of that kind and give, us more vanity of the other sort!

When I speak of vanity, I am not talking of conceit. The most hopeless sort of woman to deal with is one who is full of conceit, but devoid of vanity—for be it understood the two qualities are quite different, however much they are confounded by unthinking minds.

The conceited woman thinks she is all right, and is satisfied with herself whether she receives praise or not. She values her own opinion of herself so highly that she does not miss the praise of others, regarding them as incapable of advising her, and

believing her own accomplishments superior to all others.

The vain woman, on the contrary, is so sensitive to neglect, that she studies herself constantly to see wherein she fails, and makes a great effort to win appreciation and praise.

The conceited woman will hear you talk of faults and awkward habits which she possesses, and smile blandly and agree with you, never dreaming that you refer to her; the vain woman is so on the alert to merit only admiration that she takes a mental note of all your criticisms of others, and is careful to avoid the faults and gaucheries she hears ridiculed.

As a wife, I think the woman devoid of vanity is not a success. She is far more liable to be jealous than is her sister who is tinctured with that much-abused quality. The wife who possesses a pretty good opinion of her personal charms and her worth is a much more comfortable being for a man to dwell with. She is more apt to be liberal and generous minded, believing it impossible that her husband could forget her for any other woman; and a man will keep true to that sort of woman, where he will be driven to inconstancy by the one who is forever jealous of his slightest attentions to another. The woman without any vanity is the one who as a rule suffers the keenest pangs of jealousy, believing all other women to be more attractive

than herself. Then, too, the woman who has no vanity seldom makes the most of her personal appearance. She is indifferent in regard to dress, and does not study how to arrange her hair becomingly, and selects her hats and bonnets with an idea of utility only. She forgets that one of the first duties in life for a woman is to be pleasing to the eye. The woman who neglects herself cannot be surprised if others neglect her. If she does not appreciate her womanhood enough to make the utmost of herself in every way, others cannot be expected to appreciate her. And that is exactly what happens to the woman devoid of vanity—she is never appreciated.

UNAPPROACHABLE PEOPLE.

There is a prevalent idea that people who are distant and unapproachable in demeanor are immensely valuable when their intimacy is once obtained.

Hard to get acquainted with, is supposed by many to be synonymous with the "deep," "cultivated" and "worthy," when applied to character.

So far as personal observation and experience goes, I have proven this idea to be utterly without foundation.

A haughty exterior more frequently hides an empty head and heart than any profound quality.

"She is very deep; you will find her worth cultivating," was said to me once of an "unapproachable" woman whose "keep-off-the-grass" attitude had repelled me at first meeting.

I devoted myself to a search for her hidden worth; but after many months I found her to be like one of those sterile New England farmlets where a fresh crop of stones appears as soon as the old ones are uprooted.

Who does not recall a pounded thumb and wasted temper in his youth, trying to break the shell of a

tough walnut, only to find a dried and shriveled meat within?

As we advance in life we save our thumbs, and our tempers by choosing the yielding almond and pecan and letting the doubtful walnut alone.

Life is too short to waste it in such a difficult and often disappointing achievement.

"Distant" people almost invariablly suffer from intense selfishness.

"I am determined to thaw out that frozen woman," said a young lady at a summer hotel, speaking of a female glacier who chilled the air at her approach.

"I am sure she has a good heart under the frosty exterior, and all it needs is a little steady sunshine to reveal itself."

"You will waste your time; better employed with the ready-made, agreeable people all about us," I replied.

"But I am sorry for her," my friend continued. "She must miss herself. I want to show her, her own heart."

"She will not thank you," I persisted, "for it is an unpleasant object, and that is why she keeps it hidden."

At the end of several weeks my friend informed me that daily intimacy with the glacier had shown her that the woman was utterly selfish, insufferably jealous-minded, and eaten up with petty pride and narrow envy of her best friends.

When we left the hotel, I carried with me hosts of pleasant memories of agreeable people, while my friend was dejected with the recollection of her unprofitable labor. She had expected to find mines of solid gold beneath the frigid exterior and had found only sticks and pebbles.

Buried worth may lie for a time beneath a disagreeable and repellent exterior with the very young; but when people have jolted over the rough road of life a goodly number of years, the ore of worth comes to the surface, if it exists; for true worth is always mixed with unselfishness, and does not permit us to thoughtlessly wound or repel one another. There is an extreme diffidence or shyness which frequently afflicts worthy people, but this is easily distinguished from the "unapproachable" quality.

Nothing delights the "distant woman" more than to hear herself spoken of as "very hard to get acquainted with."

She knows that her nature is meagre, and she is delighted to think she is hiding her own barrenness so successfully from observers behind a haughty exterior.

Oysters steamed in their shells are a great delicacy; but when one shell remains persistently closed it is a foolish waste of time and appetite to struggle with it. Toss it aside with the empty shells, and satisfy hunger with those which readily yield to the warm steam. Were there but one bivalve

to be had it would be different, and the stubborn shell may only hold a shriveled oyster at best.

The inaccessible man says he does not wish to waste his affability on people he may never meet a second time. He wants to find out that people are worth while before he meets them half-way.

Is human kindness, then, a matter of bargain and sale? Are we never to be agreeable to people until we learn that they can repay us in some way?

Just because we may not meet the fellow-voyager on life's journey again we ought not to miss the opportunity of leaving a pleasant instead of a painful impression. It is very trite to talk of making people happy by small kindnesses, but the person who thinks of anything save himself knows that life is made up of little hurts and small joys, and that the only way to confer happiness is to be careful in the small things as we go along.

We need not confide our inmost thoughts or secrets to every casual acquaintance, but we can avoid wounding him by an excess of dignity or a discouraging invulnerability of demeanor. One can be agreeable without being confidential.

I can imagine no position so exalted in this small world that it would not render any human being ridiculous who assumed airs because of it.

I can imagine no talents or gifts so rare that they would not be robbed of half their worth if they lacked the setting of a gracious manner.

WOMAN'S GREATEST FAULT.

If I were asked to say what is woman's greatest fault, I would answer, lack of independence. By that I do not in any way refer to her dependence upon man—the sexes are mutually dependent upon each other; ought to be, and always will be so. I would be sorry to see any man independent of woman in all things, or *vice versa*. Their mutual dependence is the mainspring of society.

The independence I speak of is perhaps better called courage of convictions, and it is a rare thing to be found in the world anyway, but men possess it to a much greater degree than women.

To illustrate my meaning, I will refer to an accident which occurred to a woman friend recently. She was struck on the head by a long iron rod which protruded from the back of a wagon. The scene was upper Broadway, New York; the hour, near noon. No one was in immediate proximity as she received the blow. The cart rattled away, and its reckless driver was wholly unconscious of the results of his carelessness. The lady was knocked down, but she did not lose consciousness. She scrambled to her feet and found herself covered with blood—badly

disheveled, her hat knocked out of shape, and she was obliged to cling to an iron lamp-post to collect her ideas and prevent herself from swooning with the pain. As she stood there, faint, blood-stained, and dusty several ladies passed her by. None of them had seen the accident, but all could see that she was a well-dressed and very pretty young woman who was in some way wounded, and suffering, and alone, but not one of these ladies had the moral courage to pause and offer her their assistance. She might be "drunk and disorderly" perhaps, and they hurried by with curious glances. The suffering young woman hailed a passing cab and was able to get into it alone, just as the first male pedestrian was about to approach and offer his services.

This is but one instance in scores which have come under my observation. It is always men, never women, who rush to the rescue of a sister-woman in any public place in the time of an accident. It is not that woman lacks sympathy, but because they lack independence of action. They have an overwhelming horror of doing anything unusual which will attract attention in public places; and they permit this deeply grounded idea of good conduct to crowd out sympathy, kindness, and humanity in nine cases out of ten.

It often seems to me that the average woman wears a mental strait-jacket, which renders it impossible for her ideas to move from a certain orbit.

In matters of dress this is particularly noticeable. I was once visiting at a house into which came a lady who possessed some exquisite art gowns. They were graceful and becoming, and classic in design. The hostess and her friends admired these gowns when they were displayed one by one, but when their possessor spoke of wearing one of them at an afternoon reception, which was to be given in her honor that afternoon, they cried out: "Oh, I would not think of it were I in your place. You see, no one else will be dressed like that, and it would not be understood." The lady insisted, however, and wore a Greek gown which all the men raved over and admired to such an extent that the mind of the hostess was relieved. Yet the distress, excitement, and fear which this slight departure from a conventional idea had caused this good woman and her friends prior to her reception were both amusing and pathetic to me.

I think a mother ought to teach her daughter not to make her chief aim in life to be exactly like all other women of her acquaintance, but to follow her own ideas of right conduct, and kind action, and graceful dressing.

But the dreadful wall of conventionality which is built about women seems to shut out the sunlight of kindness and humanity from their hearts.

I saw a young girl covered with confusion in a public conveyance one day by the bursting of a wrap-

ping paper, which allowed half a dozen small parcels to roll about under the feet of her fellow-passengers. Not one woman stirred an inch to aid her in gathering them together, but two men, at some considerable distance, came to her assistance finally. And every woman in the vehicle regarded her with that pitiless curiosity which adds ten-fold to the mortification of such a situation.

It was not selfishness which caused these women to act in this way. It was their dread of becoming conspicuous in a public place. They did not possess enough independence of thought to act on the impulse of helpfulness, which I have no doubt was in their hearts.

When we do find the exception she is adorable.

A sweet-faced woman touched my elbow the other day as I clung to a strap in that relic of a barbaric age, a Fifth Avenue stage, and endeavored to keep hold of parasol, portmonnaie, and a parcel.

"Let me hold your parasol and parcel," she said, with a bright smile, "until you can get a seat."

I could have hugged her, not for her kindness to me personally, but for her independent thought.

Every other woman in the stage stared at her and then at me, as if we were curiosities, when I handed her my two annoying incumbrances. They all seemed to think she had done a queer thing in offering her aid, and I in accepting it. Women's minds are so conventional in such matters. They are un-

able to understand the slightest departure from the general way, no matter how narrow that way may be.

It seems to me the very first lesson instilled into the plastic mind of a little girl should be helpfulness toward her sex. It ought to begin in the nursery. If nurse accidentally drops brush and comb while making the child's toilet, let the little girl be taught by her mother that it is a thoughtful and kind act to pick them up. But, on the contrary, I heard a proud father boast of the fact that his four-year-old daughter stoutly refused to bring him a glass of water, because he had trained her never to wait upon the servant in any way, and she applied the rule to him as well, and told him she would call the maid. He seemed to think it a mark of early precocity in his daughter, but it seemed to me early selfishness, which was wholly due to his false idea of dignified training.

It is the matter of training, not of character, which makes men far more thoughtful and considerate in small matters toward one another than women are. Boys are brought up with an idea of attentive gallantry toward the opposite sex, and they are early taught to wait upon their parents to a certain degree. And this becomes a part of their natures, and prompts them to those trivial acts of politeness toward one another in public which are the rule with men and the exception with women. I can

see no possible harm, and I can see infinite benefit to the human race, if girls were educated from the cradle up to the same independence and helpfulness. Women at heart and when put to the test are more self-sacrificing and unselfish with one another than are men, but a false training has led them to lack independence of action, and forced them into a seeming selfishness which in reality is not natural to them.

There is no other accomplishment for woman equal to that of helpfulness toward her own sex, in the small matters of daily life.

Remember this, my dear girls, whenever your kind impulse is to go to the assistance of some sister-woman, and do be independent enough to go ahead, no matter if it does make you "conspicuous."

AN ESTIMATE OF MEN'S FAULTS AND VIRTUES.

More or less selfish in his friendship for the fairer sex, man has a smaller amount of envy and malice to encounter and overcome in his overtures toward his own sex. A woman instinctively looks upon another woman as a possible rival. A woman who has not loved, finds pleasure, if not satisfaction, in the adulation of the world at large, and it is her nature to expect and demand it, and she resents even the suggestion of interference in her domain.

A man seldom cares for this sort of a thing. He prefers the individual devotion of several feminine hearts, and regards no man, however popular, as his rival who does not molest him in his *affaires d'amour*. When the average woman loves, however, all is changed. Absorbed in her passion, she ceases to desire miscellaneous admiration, and lives only for the one. When the average man loves, nothing is changed. He simply adds one more pleasure and interest to his life.

It is the exceptionably noble man, stirred by an exceptionably strong passion, who throws his past

behind him like a worn-out garment, and dedicates his future to the woman of his choice. Men are by nature no more vicious than women, but they are much vainer, and require more constant stimulants to their self-love.

A woman commits a folly for love of her tempter. A man commits it because it flatters his vanity to be tempted, while he despises the temptress.

A man's business training teaches him to be cautious in his intercourse with the world, yet he is rarely suspicious by nature. A woman, on the contrary, seems to be born with suspicion in her heart.

I have seen a big, brawny fellow who had done battle in the world's great marts all his life as ingenuous and sweet-natured toward his kind as a child; and I have seen his dainty wife, who had been carefully reared in the shelter of a pure home, regarding every sister-woman and brother man with suspicion.

Men are delightfully frank and cordial with one another.

There is nothing which causes a lonesome woman who is compelled to take a long journey unattended to regret her sex so much as the enviable freedom from formality among her male traveling companions. Yet a woman who undertook to treat her sisters with the same off-handed good-nature would be directly frozen to death.

Everywhere men seem to be on better terms with

one another than we are. You have only to glance into the respective ladies' and gentlemen's parlors at hotels to see this. The men greet each other cordially, cluster together, and converse for hours, and evidently enjoy themselves.

The ladies dissolve into cliques, and their association is restricted and marked by reserve, formality and *ennui*. A woman endures the society of another woman only as a means of killing time until she can be in the society of a man.

There is such a fascination about the masculine sex, that a woman will sacrifice the companionship of her most cherished lady friend to share the society of a man to whom she is utterly indifferent in her heart. Indeed, she may consider him a terrible bore, but the fact that he is a man renders him more interesting than her most brilliant lady friend.

A man, on the contrary, prefers the society of his own sex, unless the lady in question possesses some especial charm for him, or he fancies that he sees in her a possible conquest.

A man will lie to protect another far sooner than a woman will. Not that he loves his fellow-man more, perhaps, but dreads a lie less, maybe.

Some one has said that there is an innate nobility in man which causes him to love virtue in woman. I believe this is true. Every human being, man or woman, in his inmost soul loves truth and purity.

Man illustrates his great love for virtue in the

same spontaneous way that a natural woman illustrates her inborn love for an infant. She never sees it without wanting to take it!

There is far more pleasure in conversing with a man than with a woman. He is more liberal in his ideas, more generous in his appreciation, less liable to criticise unkindly. But you must not tell him so, even by act, else he will spoil all the pleasure you have derived from his companionship. If you do not tell him so, you pique his vanity into certain destruction of the friendship.

Man is as dangerous as he is agreeable.

A man will keep a woman's secret, if he believes he alone shares it, unless his vanity tempts him to boast of his conquest, which it too frequently does. Yet he is more pitiful and charitable toward her than the average woman is, and he ought to be, since he is the cause of all her sorrow.

Men relate their adventures and follies to one another, while women conceal them. Yet men seldom reveal their inmost hearts, or speak of their most sacred feelings among men—indeed, there seems to be a sort of shame-faced reluctance with them to confess they have any sacred feelings. There is nothing a woman feels greater pride in confessing to a friend than her love for her husband. If she is fascinated with another man, she will do all in her power to hide the secret from the world. Many a man, on the other hand, will hide his love

for his wife, as if he were ashamed of it, and even invent tales of adventure to convince his friends that he is a modern Don Juan.

The world will not materially improve until men regard this matter in a different light, and realize that the immorality of a father reflects as much disgrace upon a family as the immorality of a mother.

The love and respect of a true man is all that makes the pain-filled life of a woman worth living. Wealth may give her garments of beauty, pleasure may lead her into paths of delight, the world may admire her, and Fame may crown her with glory, but unless she has the anchor of a strong, manly heart that beats for her alone, the tempestuous voyage of life is not worth taking, so far as happiness is concerned.

The sacrifice of self for the good of others, and the consciousness of duty well performed, alone can sweeten the bitter cup of life to any woman who has missed its best joy—a man's honest love.

DOMESTIC EDENS.

More Edens are destroyed by mosquitoes than by serpents. Since Satan gained such notoriety by assuming the form of a serpent ever so long ago, and entered the garden of Eden, he has become even more wily and cautious, and assumed all sorts of shapes to deceive mankind.

Almost every day we can see by looking about us that he infests nine Edens in every ten in some lesser guise. The buzzing, tormenting insects of ill-temper, and misdirected, uncontrolled dispositions, are his most frequent "make-ups."

He is always lurking around the gates of the new Edens, where brides and grooms enter, and one of his favorite occupations is assuming an invisible form and whispering in the ear of a bride that she must be exacting in her demands, and act as her husband's keeper, and insist on his giving up all his old freedom and all his old pleasures. Then he goes to the husband and whispers in his ear that the wife is the husband's property, the same as horse, gun, or dog, and that he must so regard her. That he must hold the purse-strings and compel her to ask for every cent she uses, and that he

must laugh or sneer down all her little efforts at culture and progress, and that he must always make her feel that her duties are mere child's play compared to his labors, and that she has no right to be tired with so little to do.

In a very little while the air of that Eden is buzzing with the insects of discord. The husband is restive under the irritating needle-thrusts of their sharpened bills, and the wife's veins are swollen with the poison they have injected. The wife keeps such constant surveillance over her husband's actions and tries to turn him from partaking of any pleasures without her, that he becomes rebellious and often deceitful. She finds herself restricted in the use of money and unsympathized with in her hopes, aims and trials. There is no third party who interferes with their happiness, no serpent tempting them to do wrong, but the atmosphere of their Eden seems to be thick with sharp billed insects which destroy all comfort.

The husband and wife both know that their troubles are "small ones" compared with those of many of their friends, yet they find it impossible to be happy. She knows that the man across the street is intemperate, and she is thankful that her husband does not drink. Yet when she thinks how unsympathetic he is, how close he holds the purse-strings, how he has forgotten all his old love making arts, how he laughs at her ambition to study or

paint, she weeps hot tears of discontent. The husband sees his neighbor's wife indulging in a foolish, compromising flirtation, or sending her husband into bankruptcy, and he realizes that he is very fortunate in having a wife who does not mortify his pride and self-respect, yet—for all that he is not happy. She nags him so unmercifully about small matters; she gives him no freedom; she puts on such an air of martyrdom if he goes out for an hour without her, or comes home half an hour late. She talks about his shortcomings before his friends and mortifies him. He is in a constant state of irritation.

His Eden is destroyed. Not by serpents, but by buzzing, biting mosquitoes. A tincture of liberality on the part of the wife, and a mixture of sympathy and appreciation on the part of the husband will form a lotion which, if sprinkled about the garden, would forever drive away these pests. It is the little foxes that spoil the vines, and the little insects that spoil the Edens.

Irritable tempers ruin many a Paradise. Not the tempers that are like great cyclones, hurling devastation all about and then dying out as suddenly as they were aroused, to be followed by great calm and amiability. Such tempers are the result of a lack of proper training and control, and if allowed to rule the brain, lead to insanity.

Bad as they are, they are not so bad to live with

as the disagreeable temper, which never gets beyond petulance and irritability, and which never subsides so completely that it may not be aroused by the mislaying of a book, or the accidental slamming of a door.

It is like living in a den of snarling animals to live with a person who has this sort of temper. Many an Eden is destroyed by it, while the possessor prides himself upon being a good Christian, and doing his whole duty by his family. Yet if the soup lacks a little salt, or contains a little too much pepper, if a meal is a moment delayed, if a child is noisy in its mirth, if a drawer sticks, or a door slams, or a chair creaks, each trifle calls forth an exhibition of disagreeable temper which ruins the comfort and peace of the household for an hour. Many a woman is addicted to this sort of temper and calls it "her nerves," and considers herself the most devoted wife and mother in the world. Yet if she is obliged to delay her dinner for any member of the family, if she is called from one task to perform another, if the children scatter their playthings, or leave their schoolbooks in the parlor, she indulges in such petulant scolding that a gloom settles over the whole household. She would consider it no difficult thing to die for that household if it were demanded of her. But to control her irritable temper is a task too great to demand of her. And so the Eden is destroyed and the children

grow up eager to get out of the home where every thing is uncomfortable, and the parents wonder why all their sacrifices are so poorly appreciated, why their children, for whom they have toiled and saved, seem to care so little about their home, and why they seem so anxious to seek pleasures elsewhere. Who does not know of the household where the children hush their play and mirth, and the wife becomes nervous and anxious at the sound of the husband and father's footstep? They all fear him rather than love him, for he is sure to notice their faults and shortcomings rather than their virtues and achievements, when he comes in. He is tired and worried with business, and he makes his home a place wherein to vent all his spleen. His wife may have worked and planned the whole day for his comfort, but he is sure to notice the small thing that is left undone, and to ignore all that has been done. The children think of him as a master and tyrant rather than as a parent. They shout with delight the moment the door closes behind him, and are cowed with fear when it opens to admit him. Yet he is an excellent provider and a good church member, and he is immensely proud of his family. But he destroys his Eden by his selfishly disagreeable temper. He prides himself on having no vices, yet his faults of temper are the little foxes that ruin the vines of affection and love in his Paradise.

The mother who is always complaining of the

hardships of housekeeping is another good-intentioned and kind-hearted person, who thoroughly destroys her Eden. We have all known her, heard her, suffered in her cause. She sets her house in order with the most scrupulous care; she takes pride in having everything as neat as wax; she is an expert cook, and her husband and children gather about the table with hearty appetites and keen appreciation of the dishes she has prepared. But the groan with which she seats herself, the weary expression she assumes, takes the edge off their appetites.

"I am too tired to eat," she says, and if a dish is praised she replies, "Well, it ought to be good —it was hard enough to prepare it."

The husband feels like a brute for having enjoyed his dinner at such a cost to her, and the children feel ashamed to be happy at the table when "mother is tired." They grow to feel hatred for the neat parlor and orderly rooms when they hear her say, "Now don't litter up the house, for I have half killed myself to-day setting it in order."

Alas, for the homes so often made unhappy by this manner of woman. Far better had she been idle and amiable, and given her husband and children the memory of a less orderly, but more cheerful home. I would rather beg my bread from door to door, or eat crusts sitting in a dark corner surrounded by amiable and cheerful souls, than to dine off dishes of gold and feast on sumptuous fare,

and hear the sighs and groans of those who prepared it.

Many a wife and mother, however, is driven into this habit of complaint by the thoughtlessness of her husband and children. Housework, with its ever-recurring duties, is the most exasperating toil on earth if not lightened by the appreciation of those for whom it is done. Many a husband might rebuild his Eden, destroyed by a complaining wife, if he would say to her once in a while, "Dear, you are very tired, are you not? Your work is very irritating, but you give me so much comfort that I hope you feel repaid for it. I appreciate all you do;" and if the children would say "All our lives we shall remember with gratitude the happy, orderly home you have made for us," the mother's sighs and groans would turn into happy smiles, and her work would no longer seem hard. But husband and children too often take all these things as a matter of course, and the wife and mother feels forced to groan and sigh to make them realize her value. But she always misses her aim.

Jealousy and selfish feelings among the children in a family are great destroyers of Edens. Even if the feelings are hidden and not expressed in words, they fill the atmosphere with a sort of mental miasma, and bring spiritual maladies and discontent.

Thoughts do not need the wings of words
They fly to any goal;

Like subtle lightnings, not like birds,
They speed from soul to soul.

and whatever your hidden thought, toward any one, it is as sure to reach that person as if you sent a telegram. You can ruin an Eden by merely thinking, jealous, and selfish, and mean thoughts of those about you, and you can create a Paradise of your own by constantly thinking sweet and helpful thoughts of every one near you.

WIVES WHO LACK MONEY.

One of the most pitiable objects on earth, to my way of thinking, is a wife who has no money of her own, and no way of earning money, and whose husband never thinks to give her a dollar until she asks for it. It matters little if he gives it willingly when she does ask—her condition is worse than that of a well-fed slave. Slaves are, as a rule, properly clothed and cared for by their owner, since his interests depend upon their health and strength. But the wife of such a man may lack proper clothing, and her home may lack the necessities of life, yet he does not know it. He pays the household bills, perhaps without grumbling, and he sees that she has medical attendance when she is ill; but he does not see that her soul is being ground down with mortification, and that all her fine instincts are being daily tortured by his lack of perception.

I have in mind at this moment a number of cases which illustrate this type of man. A young girl living in one of the suburban towns adjacent to New York married an excellent young man. He was dealing in real estate and he was considered a shrewd business man. An uncle who had educated

and clothed the girl until her marriage, presented her with her wedding outfit, and felt happy to think how secure her future would be with such a protector.

The young man prospered in business. He built a small home, and bought several lots and made excellent investments of his income. The uncle presented the first baby with a Christening robe, and spoke with pride of his nephew-in-law. When the couple had been married three years, however, the uncle returned from a visit to their home, with discontent on his face. "What do you think Annie has done?" he said to his wife. "Why she has taken a boarder—a school-teacher is actually domiciled in their home. It seems such an absurd thing for Annie to do. I did not enjoy myself at all with that stranger in the house. George is prospering wonderfully in business, and the idea of her taking boarders is ridiculous and unseemly. I was too provoked to speak to her on the subject, but I wish you would do so."

The wife did as requested shortly afterward. "Your uncle is greatly displeased, Annie, that you have taken a boarder," she said. "He wanted me to ask you why you had done such a thing."

Annie's face grew very grave, and her eyes filled with tears. "I took a boarder," she said, after a painful pause, "in order to have enough money to buy myself a pair of shoes without again asking

George for it. It is so mortifying to me to ask for money. Uncle always used to give me means for such things, but George never thinks of it. He has all the household bills sent to him, but he does not like to run bills at the stores, and I always tell him when baby needs new shoes or clothing. I can do that without so much mortification, but to ask for things for myself almost kills me. George is always so pressed in his finances."

"But he is doing such a splendid business," exclaimed her aunt, "and his office is one of the finest in town."

"Yes, I know it—he is obliged to compete with others, you know, in the appearance of his office; but he keeps investing his money so he is always pressed for cash. He is a good business man, he will be very rich some day; but I am sure I would be happier to have less in the future and a little more now. He has never given me or offered me one dollar since we were married. My wedding outfit was ample and I have made it over, and managed to keep up a sort of appearance; but now I am getting to a pass where I must have new things, so I advertised for a boarder. I never felt so happy in all my life as when that school-teacher put a nice $10 bill in my hand. I could have cried for joy."

This is but one case of scores within my immediate knowledge. There are wives of men supposed to be wealthy, who are obliged to resort to all

sorts of artifices to obtain money for the every-day needs of woman's life. These men would be angry if told that they neglected or ill-used their wives. Yet the man who knows that his wife has no income of her own, and who never thinks to give her a dollar to use until she asks for it, certainly has no right to be called a good or kind husband.

I saw a country home not long ago where the barns and stables were all in the best of order, and every convenience was at hand for the care of stock and poultry. The owner of these premises exhibited the keenest pride as he showed me about the well-kept grounds. And he showed no shame as he ought to have done, when I entered his meagerly furnished home, where his tired looking wife was obliged to perform the work with no conveniences or comforts to render the labor less irksome. He had the latest kind of a hencoop and harness, but he had not thought to put a drain-pipe in the kitchen to save her the labor of carrrying out waste water in pails, or attaching a hose to the windmill which pumped water to his stock to bring the water to her door. If he had given her a portion of the proceeds of his sales of stock, she could have bought these improvements for herself.

The wife of a millionaire told me that her whole life had been embittered by the memories of her early years of wife-hood. "I was obliged to ask for money, even for five cents with which to buy a

pair of shoe laces," she said. "My husband never gave me money of his own accord, and I used to lie awake nights and weep tears of mortification before asking for anything I needed for myself."

I might multiply such cases indefinitely were I to relate incidents which I have seen and heard in real life. There are far too many such husbands in the world, good-hearted fellows, who do not waste their substance in riotous living, and who believe they are saving their money for the support of wife and children; yet at the same time who are slowly murdering the pride and refinement born in every good woman's heart, and destroying the happiness of their wives and their homes by a thoughtless selfishness and lack of perception in this most delicate of matters.

No man has a right to marry who is not willing to give a woman part of his income, in weekly or monthly installments. Let the day laborer give his wife a part of his wages; the clerk a portion of his salary; the merchant a portion of his income. If he sees that she makes foolish or extravagant use of this money he should tell her so, and reason with her. But he should not take it for granted that woman is an inferior being, incapable of using money judiciously. And he should not feel himself entitled to the respect or appreciation of his wife if he compels her to mortify her pride and womanhood by asking him for money.

Men tell us that home is woman's proper sphere. No one echoes that sentiment more fervently than I; yet the men who cry the loudest against the influx of woman into the various professions, are the men who form the subject of this article. And these same men are the instigators of woman's insurrection. Laying aside the matter of duty, a husband can adopt no better policy with a wife than the allowance system. It engenders and promotes economy and good-nature.

If all men were like the best men—God bless them—there would be no such thing as "Woman's Emancipation" talked about. It is mortified pride, and crucified sensitiveness on the money altars which has made many a woman rush from the home to the rostrum. The surest way to silence her clamor for equal rights would be to have the good men of the land pass a law enforcing husbands to place a certain amount at the disposal of their wives, this sum to be regulated by the husband's income.

I heard an eminent lawyer say not long ago that fully nine-tenths of the divorce cases which came into his hand he traced to this one cause—the failure of husbands to provide an allowance for the wife.

A vast number of unhappy homes wherein the husbands regard themselves as unfortunate beings, might be rendered peaceful and pleasant by a little thoughtfulness and liberality on the husband's part in this matter.

WOMEN'S NAMES IN PRINT.

That must have been a short-sighted man who said that woman's name should appear but twice in print—once attached to a marriage notice, once in the death announcements.

If that rule had been observed throughout the world the queens and princesses of all lands would have held no place in history. Rosa Bonheur would have painted her marvelous pictures with only the favored few who knew her personally to speak of their worth. Florence Nightingale would have lived her angelic life without recognition from the world, and the warriors who were inspired by Julia Ward Howe's "Battle Hymn of the Republic," would never have known who was the author.

We believe that it is stimulating to the better impulses of the world to read of the lives, habits and achievements of good women; and we all love to read of beautiful women.

The world is eager to read of whatever pertains to the fair sex.

This desire on the part of the public to read and on the part of the press to furnish facts and fancies of fair women is justifiable, so long as it pertains

to good and worthy women, and so long as the facts are real and the fancies kind.

There is something stimulating and encouraging in reading of the success of a self-made woman. It acts like a mental tonic on scores of poor, hard-working girls.

It seems to me that good and noble women ought to be willing to be written about, that they might be a stimulant to their toiling or tempted sisters, and that they might help to counteract the baleful influence of the unworthy.

The Greek people became noted for their beauty because they were constantly surrounded by beautiful statues and pictures. They became like what they saw. We all become like what we think about, and what we read influences our thoughts. We cannot read too much about good, ambitious, gifted, successful, industrious or dainty women. Their example is inspiring, their daintiness infectious, their success a spur to the despondent or discouraged.

So long as evil women will force their personalities, more or less, into print by their wrong-doings, let them at least be in the minority by more pleasing and interesting accounts of the good deeds and the worthy lives of noble women.

A young lady journalist of my acquaintance last year went to the leading clergymen of the city to interview them regarding their methods of dispensing charity. She found them almost impossible

to approach, and finally, when she did, after repeated trials, gain access to them, they were inclined to be very uncommunicative.

"We do not wish for newspaper notoriety," they said; "we prefer to do good and keep silent about it."

"But, my dear sirs," protested the young lady, "you preach in your pulpits against the immorality of the newspapers; against the vivid delineations of crime; the sensational descriptions of vice. Now, I am sent here by the editor of a newspaper who wishes to present the attractiveness of charity and good deeds to his readers, and you refuse to aid him, or me, in purifying the press. The columns of his paper must be filled! If I cannot obtain from you some interesting deeds of the virtuous and noble, I must go to a Bowery museum and write up what I see there or get the reports from the police courts; and then you will cry out against the corruption of the press."

The young lady gained her point and her interview.

It is better to write and read about good deeds than bad ones, and the good woman who wears a beautiful gown or does a noble act ought not to feel, or pretend to feel, annoyed if she sees it described in print, since she is helping to render worth and virtue as attractive to the eyes of youth as gilded vice is sure to render itself.

Since the devil's parlors are always open, and well lighted, earth's angels ought not to shut their doors and draw their blinds too closely, lest the homeless and unguided shall imagine that goodness is dark and gloomy, and vice beautiful and bright.

Let the windows of goodness shine with a fairer and more perfect beauty than the windows of wickedness, and let goodness not make itself too exclusive, since great exclusiveness is only selfishness under an assumed name.

I wish our newspapers could be filled with the worth, the success, the beauty, the attractiveness of the good people in the world. It would be better for the rising generation than all the sermons ever preached against vice.

Let vice sink into obscurity, and let the worthy people and things of life be talked and written about.

THE NARCOTIC CRAZE.

There are two things which no person can find out about himself, it is said. He can never know the exact sound of his own voice, and he can never know if his breath be sweet or otherwise, unless he is told.

There is no more delicate matter on which to speak to a friend, and there is nothing which needs plainer speaking to-day in the city of New York. The horrible drug-laden breaths which emanate from beautiful lips are as nauseous and as frequent as the open gas sewers on our streets.

At one of the most brilliant receptions of last season, where many of the best known and intelligent people in two continents were assembled, I was crushed into a corner near a lady who has all her life lived in affluence and who has mingled in court circles. To be numbered among her friends is a sought-for privilege, and her life has been one remarkably free from great sorrows and misfortunes. Yet the breath of this lady was so laden with drugs that I became ill from being obliged to stand close to her.

I asked her if she was well—not so much from

solicitation regarding her health as from curiosity. I hoped she would whisper the secret of some terrible malady in my ear, that I might be able to excuse her for carrying into the parlors of her friends a breath so redolent of nauseous drugs.

"Oh, yes, I am well," she said, "but a little inclined to sleeplessness. I am a wretched sleeper," and the heavy vile odor of bromide vitiated the air about her as she spoke.

Undoubtedly she resorted to this drug to induce sleep, unconscious of the effect upon her breath.

Only a few months later I heard the "erratic" peculiarities of this lady commented upon by people who were very friendly toward her.

"She does and says the most peculiar things," remarked one lady. "She is a most excellent creature, yet I cannot account for her strange moods. She never remembers her engagements, and she is often so unreliable that it quite distresses me. I suppose it is just a habit she has fallen into from trying to do too many things in one short life."

I did not reply to this charitable explanation of the grand-dame's eccentricities, but I knew full well in my heart how to explain them.

No woman can use narcotics without becoming "erratic," "unreliable," "strange" and more or less an exaggerator of the truth. If she does not become an absolute liar and slander her best friends, it is because her nature is remarkably sweet to start with.

A thousand times worse than any spirituous liquor, it produces a nightmare of the brain and leads to the most insane ideas and imaginings.

Still another lady who is one of the best wives and mothers in the city of New York, and a most active church member, and a never-tiring worker for charity, carries about a breath that causes the dearest of her friends to retreat as quickly as possible from her always affectionate embraces.

Bromide, morphine and laudanum, that most deadly of opiates, I have detected at various times in the air as she stood near me, relating the fatigue she had endured in certain Christian undertakings, and the sleeplessness from which she had suffered in consequence of over-taxed nerves.

A gay, pleasure-loving young married woman whom I encountered recently in a public stage conveyed the same sickening odor, and complained, too, of insomnia.

"My doctor has given me something to make me sleep now," she said; "but I have to increase the dose every night or it has no effect." Here, then, were three ladies, all within my list of acquaintances, who resorted to artificial and unnatural methods to procure sleep, and who were all unconscious of the vile and disgusting evidences of the habit which they carried about with them.

Often sitting in public conveyances, or walking on the street, or pausing at the counters of dry-

goods establishments, I find the air vitiated by the breath of some well-dressed and refined-looking woman, who otherwise seems to be a lady; and in talking with others upon this subject I find I am not alone in my conjectures that a vast number of the ladies of New York are addicted to a most alarming degree to the use of narcotics or opiates to induce sleep.

To every woman who has begun this habit I want to say that she might far better jump off the Brooklyn Bridge to-morrow than to continue it. The woman drunkard is not so disgusting to me as the woman drug-eater. No one can continue in it without becoming mentally and morally degenerated.

Let me detect bromide, morphine or laudanum once in your breath, dear madam, and ever more I doubt your word and suspect your reliability, though you lead in all good works and are a power in your church. Opiates and sedatives are like little foxes constantly at work undermining your character. You do not realize the demoralization which is going on, but your friends do. Your words are often confused, your eyes dull or painfully brilliant, your statements exaggerated, and we who have seen the slow, terrible ravages of drugs upon others before you, know what it means.

During a call which I made upon a lady in this city one afternoon, to talk over the best method of aiding a struggling girl who had appealed to both

of us, I was alarmed and startled to see the lady fall asleep in the midst of our conversation. She was beautifully dressed, and the room in which she had received me was like the boudoir of a princess. Her "nap" was brief, and she awoke with a dazed look and apologized for her sleepiness, saying she had "overtaxed herself recently." At that time I had no idea of the extent to which drugs were used by respectable ladies in New York and I did not suspect the cause of her peculiar "sleepiness." But recently I have learned that the lady is a hopeless victim of opium.

Ah, my dear ladies! You imagine that some mysterious malady has possession of you, or you call yourself sensitive, overtaxed and nervous, but if you would let drugs alone and resort to natural and reasonable methods you would soon recover.

Give up a few pleasures or duties, live as much as possible in the open air, fight out a night or two of sleeplessness, and nature will come to your rescue at last and you will sleep without these artificial methods.

Have you deranged your digestive organs already, however, by the use of morphine, laudanum or opium, you had better put yourself in the hands of a specialist until you are cured, or else do as I have already suggested in regard to Brooklyn Bridge. It seems to me there can be no fate more horrible for you or your friends than to have you continue

to live a victim of inanimate drugs. To be the slave of a cruel task-master would be sweet compared to the slavery exercised by a nauseous drug.

When we read of vile opium joints into which unsuspecting girls are lured, we cry out in horror; but how much more horrible it seems when fair ladies turn their own luxurious homes into private "joints," where they woo coy sleep by these false methods.

How much the physician is in fault for this affair I am not perpared to say, but I certainly do not hold him blameless.

Instead of urging his fine lady patients to forego some pleasures which overtax her strength, to regulate her diet and to take much outdoor exercise to produce sleep, he too often lets her follow her own way, and gives her the "gentle sedative" which she craves. It is easier for her to take an opiate than to change her course of life, and so he gratifies her.

But it seems to me it is the physician's duty to warn these patients of the effect his medicine will have upon the breath. I am sure they would be more careful in their association with their fellow-creatures if they knew how offensive they are.

For the sake of suffering humanity, my dear ladies, if you are wedded to your opiates, keep out of crowded parlors, and guard yourselves from breathing into people's faces in public places.

The whiskey and cigar perfumed breath of the sterner sex, which we often encounter in car, stage and parlor, is like a breeze from Araby compared to that of the woman who takes bromide or morphine to cure insomnia.

WOMEN AND MARRIAGE.

In a number of the *North American Review*, Mrs. Kate Gannett Wells proceeds to give some reasons why girls do not marry.

She tells us that they read Zola and Tolstoi, and medical works, and learn to fear men and marriage; that they enter professions, and earn financial independence, and feel no need of life partners, whom they might possibly have to support; and that they talk with their mothers, and find how many lonely moments she has passed in her married life, and they dread similar experiences, and decide that single life is preferable.

Without doubt, in our large cities there is an evidently increasing reluctance on the part of *men* to assume the responsibilities of married life.

I have heard a number of young men declare that the society reports of the sumptuous homes and brilliant entertainments of the very rich, who form a colony in our large cities, discouraged them from attempting to establish a home.

Men care far more for public opinion, far more about making a fine show in the world than women do, when we come to analyze them carefully. Yet

they do not analyze themselves. Many a man will tell you that he cannot keep up such a home as the young ladies of the present day desire to live in, while the fact is, a dozen young ladies of his acquaintance would be perfectly contented to live quietly and unostentatiously, but it is his own ambition which stands in the way. It seems to be the impression of young men in large towns that all women are mercenary, and that all girls are consumed with an intense desire to shine as social leaders.

They know what this means in the way of expense, and they dare not think of marriage, without a large fortune in the background.

We cannot wonder at their hesitation, while they regard our sex in this light. But it is a false light. The average girl is not mercenary, nor does she need to shine as a social luminary to be happy. The American girl has intelligence enough to gather about her an agreeable society, however humbly she may live, and she has sense enough to realize how little true happiness there is in a life devoted to display. Now and then we find a girl who is ambitious to reign as a social queen, and who wants a fortune laid at her feet rather than a heart, and this girl is usually a brilliant, fascinating creature, who attracts all eyes, and so young men gaze upon her, study her, sigh over her, and judge the whole sex by her.

This is unfair to scores of nice girls, who, all unobserved by these cynical young men, are waiting, not for a fortune, but an honest heart worthy of their love to be offered them.

It is unjust and unwise to judge a whole community by one girl, because she is the reigning belle. Yet this is what men are doing daily.

This false estimate of our sex explains to a certain extent the delays in marriage, and the financial independence of women renders them less eager to undeceive their detractors and prove themselves worthy and desirable helpmeets for these cynical men than they might otherwise be. But to assert that women live past their youth and into old age single from choice is positively absurd; and the reasons which Mrs. Wells has given for this "choice," as she believes it, render it still more absurd. I do not believe the single woman of 40 lives, or ever did live (excepting religious enthusiasts), who would not rather be happily married.

The woman who could stand at that sunset portal of youth and look down into that twilight valley of middle life, with age in the distance, and not wish for a husband and children to be with her, must lack heart, sentiment and human nature. I do not believe the single woman of 30 lives who could not be persuaded to change her lot if the right man urged persistently enough.

I say the *right* man, not any or every man. No

matter what early disappointment she may have had, what vows she may have taken to be true to some memory of a lost lover, if the right sort of man persists long enough in his suit, he can make her his wife; for the mystery of marriage possesses its fascinations for every woman, and coupled with an ardent, tangible, and insistent lover, is sure to conquer sentiment, which is based only upon imagination.

"The right man" does not always appear, however, and other men plead in vain. Yet, no matter how valiantly she may assert that she is contented with her single lot, she is not. If she is, there is something wrong about the construction of her heart.

The woman's heart that does not cry for its true mate, no matter what other joys and ambitions it has in life, by the time it is 30, is not a natural heart.

The content of such a heart would be more miserable than the misery of discontent which comes from craving what we need, and know we could appreciate.

The pang of hunger is not so cruel as the loss of appetite.

Desire is better than apathy.

So long as we crave something, life is worth living.

The woman who finds herself satisfied with single

life because she has "a paying profession," or because she has read Tolstoi and Zola" and medical works, or because "her mother passed some lonely moments," must be a curious thing. Lungs must supply the place of heart in her breast, tepid water the place of blood in her veins.

But I assert that she does not exist. Let the persistent lover, who is even half way her ideal, prove to her that he is in dead earnest, and as honest as earnest, and profession, Zola, "peripatetic works," and maternal warnings will vanish like the nightmare of a dreamer's brain, and she will prove to him that her content was only superficial, and welcome his coming as the earth welcomes the sunrise.

But every year the American woman is becoming more exacting in her demands of what a husband should be.

A mere husband is not enough; she does not accept the first offer, "for fear she will not have another," as I once heard an old lady say she did —she waits to find the Man with the husband. As woman reaches higher standards herself, her ideals are higher.

And as demand produces supply, so in time men will realize the necessity of making themselves what the modern maiden demands, a man not merely a financier.

Whatever changes and upheavals take place in

our social system, must eventually work toward the elevating of humanity—since that is the impulse of the universe.

The evolution of woman, astounding and unpleasant as are some of its phases, is a mighty factor in this movement. One thing is sure—she is not being evolved for spinster-hood, far from it! but rather that she may lead man up in pursuit of her, where on a higher plane he may realize that the moral and spiritual responsibilities of the husband and father, are quite as great as he has always held those of wife and mother to be.

WHAT MARRIAGE OUGHT TO MEAN.

"I suppose you are very happy, dear," said a lady to a bride-elect a few days before the wedding.

"Oh, yes, so happy. I am to have the loveliest outfit you ever saw," responded the loving maiden, "Mamma is giving me every thing I want."

"And the lover, of course, he is the most perfect man in the world," continued the lady, trying to lead the girl to talk of her happiness.

"Yes, he is a right nice fellow—you know he has had his salary raised and he says we will surely go abroad this summer. Isn't that lovely?"

The lady turned away with a sigh. Alas! was this the exent of a girl's happiness on the eve of the most important event in her life? a lovely trousseau and a trip to Europe?

And how would the "right nice fellow" seem in her eyes, should some misfortune cause his salary to be cut down, and if, unlike her mamma, he could not give her everything she wanted? Were she deprived of her trip to Europe, would marriage seem a delusion and a snare to her? One would think that marriage should be regarded more seriously

than this, and yet hundreds of men and women enter into the sacred relation with anything but sacred ideas or motives.

I know a woman whose whole life was embittered by the discovery that her husband had married her because his aged mother needed a companion. Servants were unreliable and he liked to be free to go and come as he pleased, so he married a wife and gave her a comfortable home, and left her to find companionship with the aged mother, while he followed after his own pleasures. It never occurred to him that he should sacrifice time or inclination to bestow attention upon the woman he had married.

Marriage ought to mean something quite different from this. It seems to me a woman who takes the wifely vows ought to reason in this wise: "I am going to make it the great object of my life, to establish a happy home for this man whose wife I am. No matter what personal sacrifices are necessary, what distasteful duties I may have to perform, I will persevere until I make my home an ideal one, for the man who is forced to contend with the turmoil and strife of the business world. In that terrible warfare which men wage for dollars, he meets with discord, selfishness, jealousy, and deception. He shall come to his home as a haven of refuge where peace, love, appreciative rest, await him. He shall be king of that domain, and every one

within the kingdom of home shall find it a delight to consult his tastes and cater to his comfort. He shall always go forth with fresh courage and strength to meet the daily battle of life."

At the same time the man who takes a wife unto himself, should reason in this wise: "I will make this woman happy, whatever curbing of heretofore ungoverned appetites and passions, whatever conquering of selfish habits it may necessitate. I will remember that she may sometimes tire of the home which is a novelty to me after my day's work, and I will plan a theater, a drive, a journey for her often enough to give her life variety. I will remember that a delicate minded woman is never so humiliated as when obliged to ask for money, and I will place a sum at her disposal each week or month.

If the household arrangements occasionally seem troublesome and ill-ordered, I will be considerate, remembering that matters in my office sometimes become mixed, despite my systematic methods, and I should not like to have my wife reprove me for lack of business qualities at such times.

I will remember that the physical woman is a delicate machine, and if she sometimes seems strangely nervous and sensitive, I will be considerate and not reproach her. I will remember that she needs to be told in words as well as actions that she is dear to me, and that a word of praise

gives her new joy and courage in her efforts to please me, and I will not neglect the polite attentions which every woman appreciates from the man she loves. To keep her in love with me and proud of me shall be my chief object."

There may be a great many men and women who reason in this wise as they enter married life. I trust there are. I know at least three couple who set forth with these resolves, and I know that they have made home a place which is as near a heaven as can be found on this care burdened earth.

But such heavens are "not reached at a single bound." Patience, sacrifice on the part of both, self-control, and common sense are necessary to establish harmonious relations between two people who have been reared with entirely different surroundings. A wife may be tired of the house, and long for recreation, but if she sees her husband come home with an especially fagged expression of face, she should have the tact to realize that this is the time to keep silent about her wishes, and to settle down to a quiet evening at home. And the husband for whom such a sacrifice is made, needs to be on the watch to give such a wife a happy surprise ere long, in the way of pleasure.

The great majority of people who form the homes of our land are people in moderate circumstances; and among these, I think the scene of the most needed and most difficult sacrifices necessary

to the happiness of home and husband, lies in the kitchen. The majority of men, who have the hurly burly of life during the day, do not find happiness in a boarding house or hotel, but want the home comforts.

The majority of women in these days dislike housekeeping, with its tyrannical cares and responsibilities. To think up a bill of fare for each day, to direct servants to prepare it, or aid in its preparation, to try to economize in the household, to keep the machinery of the house all in good working order, this is purgatory to seven modern women out of ten. It is useless and absurd to tell every woman that she can conquer her dislike for pots, kettles, ranges, soiled vegetables and raw meats. She cannot learn to like such things if she is not a born housekeeper.

But she should consider this work the sacrifice she offers on the altar of love, and compel herself to do it well, and cheerfully, if the necessity presents itself. Many a wife tells her husband she would die for him if it became necessary; and she longs to perform some difficult and dangerous feat, to prove the strength of her love. At the same time she is making him miserable by parading her dislike for and inefficiency in housekeeping.

Why not resolve to control this dislike, and overcome this inefficiency, by courage, perseverance,

and system, and to regard it as the most needed and useful sacrifice she can make for her husband? She should say to herself, "I do not love this task. I have no natural skill or taste for housework, but I will take pleasure in doing it well, because it is the surest way of giving my husband comfort and pleasure; and the happiness we give others is the only pleasure which lasts."

I know scores of men who feel an absolute loathing for the struggle and soil of money making. Every day they are dropping dead in the counting room and on the street, with the severe pressure on brain and heart. How bloodless may seem this battle for dollars, the wounds are given and bleed inwardly; and what happiness can life hold for such men, if, after the office and market is closed, they go to discontented wives and ill-conducted homes, where the household worries are added to the strife of the business world?

There is only now and then a wife who seems to realize that all this strife and struggle is for her happiness and pleasure; and that men go to their places of business with quite as much dread and distaste, as wives go to the kitchen. How heartless and devoid of sense would the man seem, who, after having asked a woman to share his life, told her daily that he hated the work he was compelled to do to support her, and that he did not believe he had a taste for such labor. Yet

it is just as absurd and heartless for the wife to constantly parade her dislike for housekeeping.

At the same time most men are not inclined to give their wives the sympathy and appreciation in the management of the home, which they need. "If I had a daughter," said a man to me one day, "I would take her on my knee and tell her what a fearful strain money making meant for a man, and I would instill into her mind sympathy and appreciation for her future husband in that way."

I thought this a very beautiful sentiment; but almost in another breath I heard him say, "I often think it must be delightful to be a woman. They have such an easy care-free time of it, with nothing to do but stay in the shelter of home, and keep the house."

"It is indeed a great privilege to be a woman," I replied, because we are thus permitted to be loved by men. But the keeping of the house is in its way as wearing as the outer strife. You men are struggling with a brutal giant, "Business," who tries to throttle you. To overcome him requires all your strength. We women are set upon by an army of gnats, the petty cares of housekeeping. They sting and pester us to distraction night and day, small as they are. We need your sympathy as much as you need ours. Neither should sneer at the other's toil.

A husband once asked me to talk to his wife and

endeavor to make her more thoughtful in regard to his cares and worries. "She does not seem to realize the strain of a business career," he said, "and I think you might present it all to her in a way that would set her thinking."

I felt sorry for him, yet I knew him to accept the invitation of a gentleman to dine at the club one evening, without sending any word home to his wife, who waited dinner two hours, compelling her servant to lose an evening out, and bringing discord and trouble generally into the domestic regions by his thoughtlessness. How could he expect his wife to sympathize with his cares, when he showed such a lack of sympathy for hers?

However petty may seem a woman's work to a man, he should not tell her so. The care and anxiety and annoyances which go into the preparation of a dinner, are in their way as taxing to the nerves and vital forces, as the strain of the counting room and office. Especially are they so when the man for whom the dinner is planned, regards it as mere child's play; just as the brutal blows of the business world seem harder to bear, when a man's wife, for whom he toils, speaks of "the good time he has had all day while she has been shut in the kitchen."

We read a great deal now-a-days about "how to manage a wife." I think my recipe would read as follows—as it is one I have seen tried with great success.

A man needs first to love her and make it his chief aim to maintain mutual love and respect in his domestic relations.

To do this he should impress upon her mind the pride he feels in her loyalty and allegiance; and he should compliment and praise her so frequently, that the flattery of other men will sound like idle words to her.

He must be patient with her woman weaknesses, remembering that he chose her because she was a woman; yet he must never yield to any whim or caprice of hers which can conflict with her dignity or his self-respect.

He must plan for her pleasure and participate in it to such degree as possible; and he must show an interest in her amusements when he can not take part in them. Yet he must never neglect a duty, or infringe upon a principle for her. He must be courteous and hospitable toward her friends and relatives and show her that he expects the same liberal spirit to be extended to his. He must provide her with a reasonable amount of money each week or month, which she is to use her own discretion; and he must trust her with such necessary knowledge of his business affairs as enables her to use discretion and good taste in financial matters.

His most delicate attentions he must bestow upon her, and she must be ever first in his thoughts, in

public or in private; yet he makes no error if he expresses such appreciation for, and shows such gallant attentions to, good and pleasing women as are consistent with his self-respect and the dignity of his wife. Otherwise she may become selfish and egotistical through monopoly of all his praises as human nature is prone to do; but he must avoid wounding her pride, or hurting her feelings by overstepping the boundary line between gallantry and license. He must tell her frequently that she is the dearest object on earth to him and assure her of his appreciation of her efforts to please him. He must make her understand what a haven of rest his home is and how her sweetness and patience strengthens him for the battle of life.

You may say this is a difficult rôle for a bachelor to learn all at once, and enact through life? but I have seen it done with the greatest success, and an over-sensitive, tensely-strung, quick-tempered and impractical girl was transformed into the best of wives and housekeepers by a few years of this "management." A man ought to be as willing to bestow tact and time and effort in establishing a successful home, as he would bestow in establishing a successful business.

I have seen an irritable, naturally despondent man, who was inclined to be fault-finding, trained into good-temper, patience and cheerfulness, by the persistent tact, and sunny nature of a hopeful,

happy-hearted wife. Through years of financial misfortune and child-bearing and sickness, she kept a smile on her husband's face by her quick wit and flashing humor, which made a jest of their ill-luck and a heaven of their humble home.

I think if I were a man, above all other qualities I would select mirthfulness in a wife. The woman who sees the funny side of things is a good companion with whom to journey through the checkered walks of life; she will bring sunshine out of the darkest nooks and transform tear drops into diamonds. A wife of this sort is worth all the talented and brilliant pessimists, or religious hypocondraists the world can hold, and will do more toward evangelizing husband and children. The first step toward reform is a happy home.

The best man I know once said to his wife, "Married people ought to think each morning, 'Now let us treat each other to-day in a manner that would leave no remorse for the one living were the other to die to-morrow."

With such a motto and with mutual sympathy, thoughtfulness, appreciation and self-control married life can, to my positive knowledge, be made a heaven on earth.

AN OPEN LETTER TO JEALOUS WIVES.

The following missive fluttered in to me recently and seems deserving of an open reply, since the writer is one of a large class:

——City, Mass., Feb., 1892.

Dear Friend Mrs. Wilcox:—I am a stranger to you, but you are a friend to all women, and it seems to me you can help me by advice. I am a newly-married wife. I adore my husband, and he is devoted to me, but I suffer the agonies of death daily through jealousy. I am jealous of every woman he looks at. In my heart I know he cares for no one but me, and I want to be a good wife and make him happy, but the least attention he pays to any woman sends me into a fever of jealousy.

I was quite a belle when single, and learned in soicety how false many men were to their wives. It made me suspicious of all men, and now that I am a wife I am full of fear that my husband will be false to me. He is so good to me I am ashamed of these thoughts. Tell me what to do to cure my self of my jealousy. It is not one woman, it is all women I am jealous of."

In the first place, my dear young woman, you want to realize the great truth that thoughts are things, and that by dwelling on any one idea you can produce a condition to correspond with it. Space is filled with influences and forces ready to respond to your thought. Every time you think jealous thoughts you attract jealous forces that will, in time, if you continue in this idea, cause your husband to be untrue to you. On the contrary, if you think and say, "He is true, he is loyal, he loves me and is worthy of my love," you attract forces of love and truth which strengthen him to resist every temptation life may offer.

In the next place you want to cultivate that rarest of all plants in the garden of love—common sense.

Sit down and consider the situation. Why did your husband select you of all women to become his wife? Probably because he loved you more than all others. Well, then, with his love, and his daily companionship to start with, you have a great advantage over all rivals. You have the power in your hands to fan this flame of love into a steady fire, or to quench it forever.

However much a man may be imbued with sentiment, he likes comfort and peace of mind as a steady home diet. If you deprive him of those, your sentimental love is of very little value to him.

Every time you allow your unreasonable jealousy

to render him uncomfortable you lose ground with him and make it more possible for him to turn elsewhere for distraction.

Added to this, you show yourself in an unbecoming mood and he will be inclined to contrast a sullen, tearful wife, with more agreeable women he meets elsewhere.

Whatever you may feel you ought to be able to control yourself in the eyes of the man you love.

A perpetually jealous wife, remember, is the most unlovable object possible; and if you feel your emotions getting beyond control manage to seclude yourself and cry it out alone. A good cry is often a great relief to a woman. But it would be well to steam and bathe your face well before you allow your husband to see you.

Make up your mind, that nowhere else on earth shall your husband find such comfort, such affection, such cheerfulness, such agreeable manners as he finds with you. Unless he is the trashiest sort of characterless being he is not going to be disloyal to the woman who exhibits all these qualities.

Try and become a good comrade to your husband. Make him feel that he can speak his opinions freely to you, that you can understand him fully, and when he expresses admiration of other women brace yourself up and agree with him. Brace yourself still further, and show polite attention to the women he admires.

Nothing will more fully convince him that you respect his tastes and that you have confidence in your own position sufficient to admit his friends to your regard.

Since you love him so devotedly and are so morbidly jealous this will be a difficult task for you. But love is full of hardships, and the effort is worth making.

Aside from this it is a wise thing to study carefully and closely the women whom you fear as rivals. Like a shying horse when driven close to the piece of fluttering paper which has caused him to snort and quiver with terror, you will become calm and self-possessed, when you discover on close acquaintance how harmless are the women you have considered dangerous rivals.

On the contrary, if you avoid and disparage them, you will foster your jealous imagination and force your husband into a chivalric defense of them, which will be maddening to your jealous heart. And you will lower yourself in your husband's esteem; while, if you are agreeable and attentive to his friends, he will admire and respect you.

Talk to him of your pride in his loyalty; tell him that you realize the temptations with which a man's life is surmounted and praise him for giving you reason to respect him. If he is a manly man, he will find greater happiness in being worthy of your praise and pride, than in yielding to any passing

temptation other women may offer. If you accuse him of neglect and infidelity, and nag him with your jealous fears, you will drive him to others for comfort and distraction.

Avoid talking with other women about faithless husbands who deceive trusting wives. Many women have a mania to relate cases of infidelity, and jealous wives seem fascinated with the subject. Avoid it as you would infection.

If obliged to listen to such recitals, make a mental comment that you have heard only one side of the story. You do not yet know what cause the wives gave these husbands to become faithless. Many a seemingly "devoted and trusting wife" has nagged her husband into infidelity by her narrow, petty spirit of fault-finding in small matters—as one persistent mosquito has driven sleep from a luxurious pillow. Think of this when you hear of deserted or neglected wives, instead of becoming excited and morbid on the subject.

Almost all jealous people are selfish and unwilling to accord the liberty they take. No doubt you receive compliments from gentlemen with very good grace, and quite likely you express admiration of some gentleman's appearance, conversation or manners now and then. Why should you object to your husband having the same freedom? Try to be reasonable, my dear woman. I assure you, even a jealous woman can be reasonable if she takes her-

self in hand. If you do not take yourself in hand you will alienate your husband, ruin your own life, and make yourself a subject of ridicule to all your friends save a few, who will "sympathize," and the sympathy of friends in the place of the love and admiration of a husband is like sawdust in place of honey on our bread.

A POSTSCRIPT TO HUSBANDS OF JEALOUS WIVES.

Before you hand the preceding chapter to your wife with the remark, "Here is something you ought to read, my dear," it may be well for you to peruse this postscript, meant "for men only."

Many a husband accuses his wife of being jealous, when she is only self-respecting, and dignified. There is a vast difference between a woman whose pride is wounded by the neglect or thoughtlessness of the man she loves, and the woman whose letter is given in the preceding chapter. Few men draw the line between foolish jealousy and offended self-respect.

I saw a lady grow pallid with resentment at an evening party, because her husband turned his back squarely upon her to converse with a young woman to whom she had just presented him.

The lady was my hostess, and the rather trying rôle of third party fell to me in the domestic scene which ensued later.

"Unreasonable jealousy" the husband pronounced the wife's mood. "Introduced the girl herself, and then flew mad because I talked with her."

But it was nothing of the kind. It was the wifely dignity—and refinement—which he thoughtlessly wounded in momentarily forgetting the courtesy always due her.

"Under no circumstances could I have been rude to him," she said to me with tears in her eyes. "However much I may be interested in talking with other people, I always see my husband if he pauses near me, and signify my knowledge of his presence by a look or a smile. When he turned his back upon me, it was like a blow on the face."

So long as women value so highly these small courtesies in married life, I am at a loss to see why husbands do not make them a matter of greater study.

It really requires very little effort to keep the average wife happy and content, if only a man has the consideration and tact to do that little.

I heard a husband laugh with a touch of irony in his voice over the fact that his wife never admired the women he thought beautiful. "I suppose it is the natural jealousy of the sex," he said, "although I have never thought my wife a jealous woman save in this respect."

"Were you a more tactful man," I replied, "she would not have shown jealousy in this respect. Only the other day I heard you in the presence of your petite wife, rave over the superb proportions of a modern Juno. You said she was the sort of

woman every man would rush to a club window to see pass by. Your wife's face showed a slightly disturbed expression. Why had you not the tact to see it and say with a smile, 'but that is not the sort of woman I would want for a wife. The best parcels are in small packages.' This would have restored her good humor immediately."

When a woman loves a man with all her heart, and has in his service wasted youth and beauty, it is not pleasant for her to sit and hear him grow eloquent over the charms of some younger and more beautiful woman. That she expresses irritability and disapproval sometimes, is not a proof of her jealous impulse, but of his blunt perceptions.

"She might be reasonable and know that I preferred her to all others since I chose her for my wife," you say.

But, my dear sir, it is quite too evident in society—everywhere now-a-days, that men choose first and repent afterward in the matter of wives; and the best of husbands needs too remind his wife very often that she is still the choice of his heart to render her secure and happy.

No matter how well you provide for her material comforts, no matter how loyal you are, no matter how liberal minded your wife may be by nature, she will, if she is a proud and high-spirited woman, show a resentment or a discontent which you will mistake for jealousy under the following conditions:

If you allow her to sit alone in some public gathering while you devote yourself to entertaining others.

If you permit her to button her own gloves and over-gaiters while you perform that duty for another.

If you extol the beauty of some woman who is her exact opposite, forgetting to add a sweet compliment to her as an antidote.

If you treat her as merely the nurse for your children and never think to show her consideration and attention apart from that rôle.

And if she does not show some measure of resentment or sorrow, in any one of these situations she is not very deeply in love with you—just note that down in your memorandum book.

HOW TO BE AGREEABLE THOUGH OLD.

To grow old gracefully, one must commence when very young; it is like dancing, swimming, or speaking foreign tongues—a thing not to be perfectly acquired suddenly, or if begun too late.

I am constantly amused with a sort of sorrowful amusement, at hearing the very just criticisms which many young people pass upon the disagreeable old persons whom they encounter; while their criticisms are well founded, they do not realize that they are, every hour of the day, forming and solidifying habits which shall eventually render them "disagreeable old people."

The pretty young girl, all bloom and dimples, who relates in a musical voice the misdemeanors of her schoolmates, and criticises their conduct, dress, and appearance, is called, at worst, nothing more than "discriminating" or "very particular." I have heard such girls praised highly by blind parents or relatives for their comments upon their companions. Yet this same habit indulged in by some withered grandmother, whose face is hard and whose voice is harsh, wins universal disapproval.

"Grandma is so hypercritical, so fault-finding, so

censorious; she has no sympathy with young people!" cries the blooming granddaughter, who, ten minutes later, will tear to tatters the character or costume of some companion with her sarcastic comments. She does not realize that every time she indulges this habit she takes one more step toward that hideous goal of disagreeable old age.

The extremely well-behaved young girl, who has never been tempted and who cannot understand how another could commit a folly, is certain to become the most censorious of old women. If she does not develop into a cruel, malicious-tonged scandal-monger it will be a wonder. Nothing is so easy as the descent from uncharitableness to malice. As a young girl she prides herself upon her love of morality and good behavior; all her friends speak of her as "such a strict girl" in her ideas. No one would think of appealing to her for sympathy or advice in an hour of temptation, but she is respected for her high ideals if feared for her severity. As an old woman she is simply held in abhorrence, and her name becomes a neighborhood synonym for cruel judgment.

Criticism of our frail fellow-beings is a vice which takes possession of us like a stimulant or a drug, once we encourage it. It may begin in our high moral standard and our hatred of sin, but once it becomes a habit, we indulge it for the pleasure it gives us. It is a bad habit in the young; in the

old it is intolerable; nothing renders old age interesting or lovable save sympathy for the young and charity for the erring. It is strange that we all do not grow charitable as we grow old; as we learn more and more of our own frailties, and more and more of the temptations and illusions of life we ought to become more and more tender and pitying. One can be sympathetic without encouraging vice and wrong doing, or cloaking sin.

The girl with no object or aim in life save to "have a good time" and outshine her companions must look forward to a miserable old age; for after a certain time we become unsatisfied with or grotesque in a pursuit for gayety, and if we have formed no other tastes or learned no other occupation there is a wretched outlook for us.

The witty girl is one who makes rapid strides toward unlovable old age— I mean the girl whose bright arrows of wit are almost always tipped with the poison of sarcasm. American society teems with such girls. A quick brain, a ready tongue, a fondness for repartee sends the laughter-making retort straight to its mark, no matter what sting may follow it. So long as the possessor of this dangerous gift is young and charming she is a social favorite. Even those who are stung by her shafts of wit forgive her freely because of her youth and charm, and only over-sensitive people accuse her of malice. The great majority join in the gen-

eral laugh, and her bright *bon mots* are repeated and tossed about until they become neighborhood proverbs. They create an occasional enemy, and they cause a great many little hurts. But the witty girl is so pleased with her own wit that she does not stop to think about that. She cultivates her gift, and seeks for opportunities in which to exercise it. When she meets a new person she studies him or her with the direct purpose of finding something to be witty over. If she possesses the powers of mimicking she is liable to indulge in it behind her dearest friends' back, out of sheer love of making people laugh. As she grows older, the bright ebullitions turn acid and bitter. What was once sharp wit becomes biting sarcasm. People wince more and laugh less. Her friends decrease in number; and her enemies multiply. She is a sarcastic, bitter-tongued old woman, dreaded and disliked by every one. But she did not become so all at once. Her first arrows of wit, which were tipped with sarcasm, laid the foundation of her disagreeable old age. When she allowed herself to ridicule and mimic unoffending people just to raise a laugh, she chose the pathway that lead to unattractive and unlovable old age.

The petted daughter and society belle usually builds an indestructible and solid masonwork of ugly old age for herself in her youth, and all her friends, relatives, and admirers lend a helping hand.

"She rules us all," says the doting mother before the daughter is out of short clothes. "There is no such thing as denying her anything. Why, her papa would bring down the roof over our heads if we should refuse her anything she asks for." As she grows into young ladyhood, the same false idea of devotion governs the parents. She is petted, praised, and waited upon, and encouraged in every selfish whim. Her comfort and pleasure are paramount to all other considerations. She is so pretty and charming that her extreme selfishness is not observant to the casual eye. She is a belle and a favorite while she is young; but she makes a poor wife, and a worse mother, and a most detestable old woman. She has never known what it was to give up anything for the sake of others, and she is forever thrusting her "nerves," and her "sensitive feelings," and her whims in the way of others enjoyment.

All her relatives dislike her, and strangers abhor her. Yet she is the same sort of old woman that she was child and maiden; only, the blossoms and leaves of youth having fallen away, the bare brown branch of selfishness is more fully revealed.

There are more disagreeable old men than women in the world, because women, as a rule, are obliged to practice more self-sacrifice and unselfishness and patience in early life than men.

Men who have ruled their households, wives, children, servants, and employés by a rod of fear

rather than love during youth and middle age, make very unpleasant old men. Mentally and physically incapacitated from inspiring fear, they are unable to inspire anything but hatred or the pity which springs from scorn.

Unable to rule, which has been the source of their happiness in earlier years, they pass their old age in carping criticisms and fault-finding of those who succeed them.

The children who have formerly obeyed them only through fear, now ignore their wishes and fail to show them the respect due to gray hair—a respect impossible to feel where there are no qualities to inspire it, but which good breeding and humanity ought to impose in seeming.

It is all very well to talk about the love and respect we owe our ancestors, but those are emotions which can not be prompted by duty. If old people render themselves absolutely unlovable, it is not in the power of their children or grandchildren to love them; but it is possible for those descendants to treat them with kindness, consideration, and patience. An old man who has lived a grasping, mercenary, selfish life cannot expect to be respected on account of his gray hairs; but out of self-respect his children and relatives ought to show forbearance and kindness. The sons and daughters of such a man will bemoan the fact that their father is so captious and unlovable, while at the same

time they indulge in habits and cultivate qualities in themselves which will lead them directly to the same goal in time. They forget that one does not grow old in a day—it takes a lifetime to produce old age.

The man who passes his youth in the pursuit of pleasure, and his maturity in the pursuit of gold, ignoring the feelings and rights of others during both periods, cannot fail to become a most unpleasant old man.

It is only through sympathy with others and through a lifelong habit of loving and thoughtful consideration for those about us that we can hope to avoid swelling the great army of "disagreeable old people."

No matter how you may get along without these qualities in early life, through brilliancy, power, beauty, or position, you will be disliked and avoided, and possibly neglected in your old age if you do not possess them; they alone can offset the unpleasant and unattractive phases of old age, and unless they are cultivated in early life it will be almost impossible to acquire them when needed.

I believe the wave of theosophical thought which is passing over the earth will serve to dignify and glorify old age as orthodox religion has failed to do. While our churches teach respect to the aged, they do not teach the advantages and desirability of long life. They impress us with the idea that

a young angel occupies quite as exalted a position as an old one in the heavenly choir; and youth seems to have the advantage in the next world as well as this. The belief in re-incarnation and all that belief involves will work a vast change in human thought in this respect. The value of a long and varied experience in this phase of life will, if properly utilized, be of vast account to us when we return, as we must, to still further develop the divine element within us.

The earnest and sincere student of re-incarnation must desire a long and complete life; he must welcome sorrow as well as joy, pain as well as pleasure, since only through these well-borne experiences can he hope to occupy a better and higher position in his next earth life. He does not believe that he can repent upon his death-bed for an ill-spent existence, and bathe in the glory of paradise through eternity. He knows that as he sows shall he reap, and that he must carve out his future position by the use of his opportunities here. The more extended those opportunities, the better. He does not think that the "time of his usefulness is past," and that he has nothing more to do save to die, because he has reached three score years and ten. He believes that while he has the power to *think* he is still carving out position and events for his coming incarnation, and therefore he rejoices in life. Once let the old people be filled with this thought

and the young must respect and venerate them, and find in them that strength, help, guidance which so few old people ever give. It is a great step toward the uplifting of old age when the head of an orthodox church preaches re-incarnation from the pulpit—a miracle which occurred in one of our prominent parishes recently, and which argues still greater miracles for those who listen and understand.

TIME'S SWEEPING DAY.

New Year always seems to me like Time's sweeping day. Bright and early, like a good servant, he is up and setting the world in order for us. He flings old dates, old almanacs, old account-books, old reckonings all into the ash-barrel, and he bundles together all our old worries, our grudges, our sorrows, our fears, and gets them ready for the ragman to carry to the pawnshop of the past.

It seems to me the basest sort of ingratitude when we pull open these bundles, and scatter the contents over the clean new year which Time has set in such ship-shape order.

What must the patient old fellow think of us when he sees an old thread-bare worry hanging in the hallway which he left spick and span but a few hours previous? And how poorly repaid for all this care must he feel when he finds dusty old grudges lying all over the world so recently tidied up for our pleasure, and moist wash rags of old sorrows flung upon the carefully swept floor.

There is something wonderfully exhilarating in the new year to me. It is like a new birth—a new baptism in life. It is like the waking after a Turk-

ish bath, refreshed, clean, strong, vigorous. It is like Monday morning after a Sunday rest and sleep.

I think the world stops in its mighty whirl around the sun on the last night of the old year, shakes itself like a tired horse out of the harness, breathes a long breath, and fills its great lungs full of fresh air ready for a new lunge through space.

On New Year's Day I can feel the new vigor and force which the world has found, and life always seems to don a new grace.

It seems to me that every living soul ought to feel on New Year's that there is hope for him in life, no matter how dark his surroundings, how utter his failures in the past.

In one year rightly directed he may retrieve lost fortune, lost reputation, lost happiness, if he will but think, and resolve, and act. It is no use to *regret*. The people who sit down and regret their past follies and mistakes are of no earthly use in the world. But the people who *resolve* to make their past errors warnings for the future may climb to usefulness and success through those very mistakes.

No one (since Christ) has ever lived a perfect life and made no mistakes. To err is but human, and the moment you realize that you *have* erred, the moment you wish you had not made the false step, face the world with a brave heart and real-

ize that you have gained just so much valuable knowledge, and that you are just so much better able to meet the new year and go through it wisely.

Do not, I beg of you, drag your useless regrets into the new year and soil its white pages with melancholy mourning over a "wasted past" and a "ruined life."

No life is wasted while the human soul is still in the body, and the brain still able to think and plan. You may be seventy years old, and all your past may be a failure, but before you reach seventy-one you may retrieve your past, and bless the lives of all near you, by good temper, kind deeds, forbearance, and unselfishness.

I know a woman of seventy odd years who all her life has rebelled at her hard lot, and who has embittered the life of many near and dear ones by her constant complaints against the injustice of her situation; she has prayed for death constantly for years, and has imagined herself a burden to all her relatives and friends.

During the last year a great change came over her, and from a bitter, sarcastic unhappy woman she has become a brave, hopeful, cheerful one, and is casting sunshine, joy, and brightness into the hearts of all who come near her. Already she has transformed a household by her cheerfulness and courage, and she now prays for a long life that she may continue her good work.

If you are feeling ill and believe your health is failing I beg of you turn your back on such ideas New Year's Day. Do not drag your aches and pains into the young year, but make up your mind that your body is going to renew its forces with this new year. You have no idea how much you can accomplish with this resolution. Do not let old maladies lap over into the new year. Stop talking and thinking about your sufferings and they will leave you, to a degree that will astonish you.

Don't soil the clean windows of the new year with the mud of your old grudges. Life is too short and too precious. Be sure that time will avenge you if you have been wronged. I never received a wrong or an injury in my life that time did not avenge it for me, if I let the matter alone.

I do not believe that Providence is a respecter of persons, and it must do for others what it has done for me. Whenever I have stopped to avenge my own wrongs I have always had cause to regret it afterward, and time has shown me how successfully it would have been attended to without my intervention. It is only human to resent an injury and to feel an injustice, but do not stop to revenge yourself, and turn your thoughts away from these things with the beginning of the new year.

If your record of the past year has been ever so full of sorrow, sickness, failure, depression or sin, never mind; bury it all with the old year and turn a brave, smiling face to the new.

The world is kind, and there will be more hands held out ready to help you up than there were ready to beat you down; and, though you may be at the bottom of the ladder of health, morals and fortune, you may climb to the very top before another new year, if you only believe you can and resolve you will.

TO LITERARY ASPIRANTS.

My dear young lady:—You write me that you are about to enter upon a literary career, and you ask me for a letter of general advice and counsel.

You thank me in advance for any suggestions I may offer which will better enable you to win the ear of the public, the good favor of the critics, and the gold of the publishers. You inquire the best method to get the newspapers talking about you, as an introduction to the public, and you end by telling me that you are engaged upon a work which you believe will create a sensation in literary circles, and that you are bracing yourself to meet the mingled storm of condemnation and praise sure to be called forth by your bold, daring, but honest utterances.

The first thing necessary for you to do, is to find out your own motive in choosing a literary career. If you write as the young bird sings, you need no advice from me. For the great *Cause* is back of your thoughts, and will force them to find their way out as natural springs force their way through rocks, and nothing can hinder you.

But if you have merely a well-defined literary ability and taste, you would do well to consider this step.

What is your attitude toward humanity? The author should be able to instruct, entertain, guide, or amuse his readers. Otherwise he has no right to expect their attention, time, or money. If he writes merely for amusement, let him keep his manuscript out of the printer's hands.

He who publishes, proclaims his desire to be appreciated,and you had best discover at once what your object is in demanding public appreciation and attention.

If it is merely money, you would be wise to wait until you fall heir to a comfortable income sufficient to maintain life during the first ten years of literary pursuits. Save in solitary cases of remarkable genius, literature requires ten years of apprenticeship, at least, before yielding the support of its follower.

People often send me a story or poem begging me to find a sale for it as they need the money at once. They do not realize that it requires from one to six months to get a MS read by the average editor, and from one to ten years to get it published and paid for, if accepted.

In regard to the practical methods of getting your work before the public, let me beg of you not to send it to any well known author. asking him or her

to "read, criticise, correct and find a publisher for you."

If such a thought has entered your head, remember it has entered the heads of five hundred other amateurs, and the poor author is crushed under an avalanche of badly written manuscripts, not one of which he has time to read. Even if he read them he could not sell them. No editor will accept what he does not want through the advice of any author, however famous.

Write your MS. on one side of the paper only, and if possible have it copied by a typewriter. Talent is too plenty, and editors too busy to permit them to wade through a poorly written manuscript in search of something they need. Your manuscript will receive attention far sooner if it is typewritten.

If you desire the opinion of an expert upon its merits before sending it to a publisher, you can send it to some literary bureau and pay for the opinion. The best and most valuable one I know of is The Writer's Literary Bureau, Boston, Mass. P. O. box 1905.

This bureau offers to read manuscripts and give scientific advice as to their disposal; general advice based on the defects observed; thorough grammatical and rhetorical revision; one or more type-written copies, at very reasonable rates.

I have known several young authors to sell manuscripts through this bureau. The prices they re-

ceived were small, but beginners as a rule receive small prices.

I think your opportunities of success will be just as fair, however, if you send a clear type copy direct to the editors. They are, after all, the best judges of what they want, and if you have the patience to await their delays, and the perseverance to keep on after repeated failures, you may win success with them at last. Be sure that you know the first principles of grammar and spelling before you attempt to write for publication.

Not long ago I received a letter from a woman who wished me to advise her in regard to a publisher for a book she was writing. Her letter was so badly spelled and so ungrammatical in construction that I could scarcely decipher it.

Do not imagine because you feel strongly that you can write strongly. Feeling and expression are not twins. To the majority it is given to feel —to the few to express what the many feel.

Do not imagine you will have as fair chances of success in literature as if you had begun your career twenty-five years ago. The world was never so full of literary talent as to-day! Competition is therefore greater and the public standard is higher than ever before, and all this renders success more difficult for a beginner.

Do not attempt to adopt the style of any author. Unless you can feel that you can be yourself do not

try to be anybody. A poor original is better than a good imitation in literature, if not in other things.

Expect no aid from influential friends in any way. The more wholly you depend upon yourself the sooner will you succeed.

It is absolute nonsense to talk about "influence" with editors or publishers. No one ever achieved a passing fame or success in literature through influence or "friends at court."

An editor might be influenced to accept one article, but he would never give permanent patronage through any influence, however strong.

Newspaper notoriety cannot make or unmake your reputation as a writer; if it comes unsought it may aid you to a certain extent, but if you seek the cheap methods of personal advertising in the daily papers, at which some literary aspirants in these days aim, you will only injure yourself and retard your own progress. It is natural that the newspapers should wish to make use of items of interest concerning successful people; but when you have to force yourself into print, for advertising purposes, you will lose, not gain by it, as a woman and a writer.

If your story or poem makes a sensation it may cause the papers to talk of you, and that you cannot help; but if you cause the papers to talk it will never make your story or poem a success, and can only cast a reflection on your good sense and good breeding.

Remember that literature is the most uncertain of all professions, and that one success may be followed by ten failures. The public is capricious in its tastes, and the editors are obliged to cater to this capriciousness. Your articles may be in demand to-day at your own prices, and in six months you may not be able to sell one at any price. If you write constantly the public will cry "why does not this author give us a little respite;" and if you write seldom the critics will declare you are "*written out*" and the public will forget you.

If your object is fame, and you desire to be happy as well as famous, then case yourself in steel armor, fill your ears with lead, and avoid reading all current periodicals, that you may not feel, hear, or see the brutal assaults forever dealt to the successful! Otherwise, you will die ten thousand deaths before your laurel wreath is firmly settled on your brows.

Seen from a distance, fame may seem to a woman like a sea bathed in tropical suns, wherein she longs to sail. Let fame once be hers, she finds it a prairie fire, consuming, or scorching all that is dearest in life to her. Be careful before you light these fires with your own hands.

If, however, you feel great with thoughts, and your object is to benefit humanity, even at the cost of some suffering to yourself, if you regard fame as an incident, and money an object you are willing to wait and labor for, then I bid you God-speed, and congratulate

you on having been chosen by higher forces as one of the mental Mother Marys to give forth your divine brain offspring to help humanity.

But, be sure that you do *help*—not *harm*—humanity. To the author, of all men, belongs the motto, "*Noblesse oblige.*"

The pen may be used as a weapon with which to defend the right, but it was never intended as a bludgeon with which to assault people, or wound individuals. Neither is it intended as a lancet to pierce the poison abscesses with which humanity is afflicted, for when so used it does not effect a cure, but spreads a contagion.

But, if you reserve your talents for their highest and strongest uses, all of earthly happiness that is to be found outside of loving, and being loved, you will find in your profession. You will have the rapture that comes from creation, the ecstasy of expression, the satisfaction of achievement. You cannot be poor, for the riches of expression will be yours. You may be your own maid, but queens shall bow to you as a greater queen in the higher realm of thought.

But, with all these joys you must accept and endure the mortification of being patronised by those who would more fitly serve you as menials, criticised by your inferiors, misunderstood by the stupid, and misconstrued by the envious. A curious, if admiring public will invade your most sacred privacy, and if you submit gracefully you will hear the coarse accu-

sations of the less fortunate, branding you as a "seeker after notoriety," "a manipulator of the press."

If, on the contrary, you shut your doors on the inquisitive public, and resent its intrusion, you will hear yourself called selfish, ill-bred, and unworthy the honors conferred upon you. You must hear your individual traits ridiculed by those who at the same time strive to imitate you, and you will be lied about by those who are anxious to walk in your shadow.

You will hear your most original work called a plagiarism, and your choicest gems of thought platitudes, and your loudest detractors will be those who have never read a line you wrote.

But, all this will not discourage, though it may sadden you; if you are worthy of your calling, you will go on and find happiness and contentment in it, and you will not be hindered or delayed by the babble of the ignorant, the sneers of the jealous, or the falsehoods of the malicious.

But, my dear young lady, the work you are now engaged upon, will not create a sensation. The authors who stir the hearts and fire the heads of their readers, and galvanize the inanimate brains of critics into contortions of terror, are the authors who never expect or desire such a result.

Work which affects the world like this must first seethe in the heart, and seize on the brain and compel expression, and so permeate its creator's mind that no thought of the public can enter until the work is done.

Unless you are so absorbed in your work that you utterly forget the existence of critics or reviewers, you have no right to call yourself a genius. Talent thinks with fear and fawning of critics, genius does not remember that they exist. One bows at the shrine of existing public opinion, which is narrow with prejudice. The other bows at the shrine of art, which is as broad as the universe. You can no more sit down and deliberately think up a romance, or a poem, which will electrify the reader, than you can argue yourself into a grand passion, which will render your name historic like that of Heloise and Abelard. These must come of their own force, and burn their way out into the light, with no thought of the audience awaiting them.

Of course you can apply yourself in cold blood and write shocking, vulgar, or absurd things, which will startle your readers for a moment, and draw attention to you as a *decolleté* dress would startle Broadway at high noon, or a hatless man who ran shouting down the street would cause people to put their heads out of the windows. We have had some illustrations of this method in literature, but it never pays, and it causes, at best, no more sensation than the unexpected popping of a torpedo.

When genius is stirred by powerful emotion, it produces a sensation of a brilliant meteor, the glow of a star on fire, the splendor of a tropical sunset; and it is not granted human brains to go about this deliberately. You must feel strongly before you can express

vividly. If this genius is your dower, and you find yourself forced from within to utterance, the world will listen to you weeping, laughing, questioning, understanding, cheering, hissing, praising, maligning—all according to its mental and moral status, and ability to comprehend you—and this will be fame.

But, your happiness will have been in the work, not in what the world says of it, for you will realize that each opinion is but individual, and that satisfactory approval must come from within, not without.

EPIGRAMS AND SAYINGS.

Environment is frequently mistaken for constancy. Many a woman lives forty years true to some early memory which forty days of close association with the right man would have demolished. It is circumstances rather than any inherent difference in nature, that causes woman to seem more constant to the past than man.

Ingratitude on the part of my friend wounds me scarcely more than to detect in him a hasty desire to repay me for some material favor I have bestowed out of pure affection. Such a spirit turns friendship into a mere money exchange, and renders kindness a matter of bargain and sale. However he may disguise the fact, it is the self-centered man who is hypersensitive about incurring friendly obligations. The really broad and noble nature accepts them in the spirit in which they are given, confident that he can pay the debt, not to his friends, but to humanity, as the true friend would wish.

There is something vitally wrong in the blood of man who reveals the same unhealed wound year after year, for it is the impulse of healthful nature

to heal wounds! So is there something radically wrong in the make-up of the person who shows you the same cankering sorrow year after year, for it is also the wish and purpose of progressive nature that we shall outgrow our early griefs. He who does not, has a right to our pity but not to our admiration.

I would rather be faithful to my future than to my past, if it becomes a matter of choice.

Man is not satisfied with the same rude vehicles and implements which he used two hundred years ago, and why should he be blamed for progressing also in the matter of creeds? Just as the torchlight has given way to electricity, so must dogma give way to a broader spirituality.

A man once rebuked me for not being orthodox. "The faith of my childhood, learned at my mother's knee, is good enough for me!" he said. But the expanding soul cannot be blamed for finding the faith of its childhood insufficient, any more than the full grown man can be blamed for abandoning the crib and the nursing-bottle of his infancy. It is only by outgrowing the ideas of our ancestors that the world advances.

The wife who devotes herself to covering up and condoning the sins of a notoriously bad husband, sets a poor example for other and better men.

The woman who clings to the memory of an unfaithful man, is not constant; she is merely stubborn.

It is impossible for an absolutely passionless woman to be either just or generous in her judgments of humanity at large. It is a strange fact that she needs an admixture of the baser physical element, to broaden her spiritual vision, and quicken her sympathies.

Some people make such an ado about their virtue, we almost wish they would lose it.

What ever we intensely desire, must come to us. It is only a question of the force and constancy of our desire.

Marriage is like the opium habit; once contracted, difficult to cure. That is why widows and widowers are so prone to wed again, and again, even after the most disastrous experiences.

The most difficult of arts, is that of companionship to a loved one who is ill. Devotion alone is not enough. You must possess the tact and self-control, to show thoughtfulness without solicitude, attention without anxiety. You must exhibit sympathy, but hide all worry. Only one man in a hundred can fill the trying position, and only one woman in ten.

There are people who would like to get a "cor-

ner" on all the sympathy in the world. They are never happy unless everybody they meet is feeling sorry for them.

Men have broader views; they get outside of themselves far more than women do. They dwell less in their own emotions, and are consequently more interesting companions.

When we cease to feel the neglect of one we love, we begin not to love. Many a man congratulates himself upon the fact that his wife is "becoming more sensible," when she is really becoming indifferent.

I think the most cruel judgments in the world come from the women who resent never having been tempted themselves.

All beauty is a record of truth and harmony in a past incarnation. If it divorces those qualities in this life, it must expect deformity and discord in the next.

Men boast of their infidelities, women conceal them.

No soul ever transgressed a divine law without injuring some innocent being. There is no absolute individuality. We are all linked and lashed together by invisible and indissoluble threads, spun down from the Great Source. When any man

attempts to extricate himself he but more hopelessly interlaces and snarls the net-work which unites us all.

God pardons a kind lie sooner than a vicious truth.

The term "Ladies man" always suggests a frivolous nature, some thing even more intolerable in a man than in a woman.

Loneliness is an all-pervading consciousness of self.

Many an overzealous reformer imagines he is teaching morality, when he is really giving instructions in vice. It is dangerous to describe an evil too closely, in order to warn against it. I have seen hell so warmly depicted on canvas that a shivering beggar drew near it fascinated, unmindful of the cold church edifice opposite.

Were it not a seeming blasphemy, I should like to improve upon the Bible injunction "Ask and ye shall receive" in this wise: "Ask for others and ye shall receive for yourselves!" For of this truth I am certain, the more utterly forgetful we are of our own needs in our anxiety for others (not in mere actions but in our deepest hearts), the more we are remembered and cared for by divine forces.

It often seems in this world, when a soul is floun-

dering in a net-work of sin's weaving, striving to extricate itself, that the devil like a great spider comes along and spins new meshes about it.

Those who belong to each other spiritually, will find each other and dwell together through eternities of love.

The most unfortunate being is he who has no one dependent upon him for support. However poor such a man may be, he is wise if he takes a cat, a dog, or a blind beggar to care for, in order that he may get out of himself.

Nothing flatters a man's vanity so much as being told that he is not like other men.

It is better to believe in an error than in nothing.

When we ask for long life we ask to weep over many biers.

If there had been no God originally, the devout belief of billions of souls in his existence would long ago have called him into being. How curious, then, if instead of God creating man, man created God.

Wrinkles are only dimples grown old.

If to be constant with old friends, necessitates staying back with old ideas, I must submit to the

accusation of fickleness. I claim the right to follow the leadings of my spirit and my intelligence; no matter what ties and associations are left in the rear. I would rather merit the friendship of my higher self, than the approbation of my companions of the past.

The chivalry of the average man consists in defending a woman against every man save himself.

It is the woman who feels the strongest in her virtue and secure in her social position who is most fearless in her efforts to uplift the afflicted and unfortunate.

It may be true that whatever is choice is always exclusive; but whatever is exclusive is not always choice.

I sometimes think God must be a woman—He is expected to forgive so much.

We warn our sons with loud voices against the dangers of the wine cup and the gaming table; but too many of us sit silent while our daughters contract habits of malicious speaking and envious criticism, which are quite as great evils in Society today, as intemperance, or gambling.

You may as well talk of hiding the glory of the sunrise from the earth, as the fervor of a great passion from the object which inspired it.

As a garment long worn becomes impregnated with the odors of the body, so the atmosphere of a house becomes saturated with the essence of the spiritual nature of its inhabitants.

Many a low rascal on earth, boasts of his noble ancestors under ground.

Did you ever think how curious it is that a man expects a whole Eternity of bliss from a Ruler who denies him a single month of it here.

As malice creates malice, so often generosity arouses generosity.

The fact that a man bears an excellent reputation among men, is no proof that he may not be the worst possible companion for a woman.

The world is full of good-hearted yet short-sighted people who brand any man as an infidel whose ideas of divine worship differ from their own.

Prayer is the key to heaven. It admits us to the sacrament of angels.

A very benevolent heart is seldom coupled with a cautious head.

There are triumphs sadder than any defeat; there are joys more painful than any grief.

He who said that love, to be sincere, must be of slow growth, that man was a fool.

As God said unto the darkened world, "Let there be light," and there was light, so unto many a slumbering heart he has said, "Let there be love," and there was love. Radiant, glowing, eternal, as is the splendor of the sun in the heavens.

Thoughtlessness is the consort of sefishness; and the two are parents of crime.

When will a man ever learn that he can not offer a greater insult to the woman he has once professed to love, than to call her his "friend."

"Last times" are always sad.

It is the ripe fruit which falls when a south wind shakes the tree.

He sat for more than an hour, trying to analyze his feelings. When a woman does that, ten to one she is in love. When a man does it, ten to one he is not.

MEN
WOMEN
AND
EMOTIONS